Tea-Table Mis[illegible]

A

COLLECTIO[illegible]

OF

CHOICE SONG[illegible]

SCOTS AND ENGLI[illegible]

BY ALLAN RAMSA[illegible]

THE EIGHTEENTH [illegible]

GLAS[illegible]

PRINTED FOR J. MA[illegible]

M.DC[illegible]

Monkwearmouth

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DEDICATION.

To ilka lovely BRITISH lass,
  Frae Ladies CHARLOTTE, ANNE, and JEAN,
Down to ilk bonny singing BESS,
  Wha dances barefoot on the green.

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR most humble slave
  Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
  When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
  Revive it with your tunefu' notes:
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
  Arising saftly thro' your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
  When tented by a sparkling tie,
The spinet tinkling with her voice,
  It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
  Or clashes stay the lazy lass;
Thir sangs may ward ye frae the sour,
  And gayly vacant minutes pass.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
  Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,
  Syne safely sip when ye have sung.

May happiness had up your hearts,
  And warm you lang with loving fires:
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
  In matching you to your desires.

EDINBURGH, Jan. 1.
  1724.

A. RAMSAY.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH it be acknowledged, that our SCOTS tunes have not lengthened variety of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness, that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are, for the most part, so chearful, that, on hearing them well played or sung, we find a difficulty of keeping ourselves from dancing. What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reason; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or instrumental music, there are fifty that content themselves with the pleasure of hearing, and singing without the trouble of being taught. Now, such are not judges of the fine flourishes of new music imported from *Italy* and elsewhere, yet will listen with pleasure to tunes that they know, and can join with in the chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft thoughts, after the poet has dressed them in four or five stanzas; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect music, which requires none, or very little of the poet's assistance.

MY being well assured, how acceptable new words to known tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them, in this Collection: about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously

nerously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the Collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers; such as, *The Gaberlunzieman*, *Muirland Willie*, &c. that claim their place in our collection for their merry images of the low character.

THIS eighteenth edition, in a few years, and the general demand for the book by persons of all ranks, where-ever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend Dr. *Bannerman* tells me from *America*,

Nor only do your lays o'er *Britain* flow,
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go;
Here thy soft verse, made to a *Scottish* air,
Is often sung by our *Virginian* fair.
Camilla's warbling notes are heard no more,
But yield to *Last time I came o'er the moor*;
Hydaspes and *Rinaldo* both give way
To *Mary Scott*, *Tweedside*, and *Mary Gray*.

IN my compositions and collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and ear of the fair singer might meet with no affront; the chief bent of all my studies being to gain their good graces; and it shall always be my care to ward off those frowns that would prove mortal to my muse.

NOW, little book, go your ways; be assured of a favourable reception, wherever the sun shines

on the free-born chearful Briton; ſteal yourſelves into the ladies boſoms. Happy volumes! you are to live as long as the ſong of *Homer* in *Greek* and *Engliſh*, and mix your aſhes only with the odes of *Horace*. Were it but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmoſt limits of time after a thouſand editions! Happy volumes! you are ſecure; but I muſt yield; pleaſe the ladies, and take care of my fame.

In hopes of this, fearleſs of coming age,
I'll ſmile thro' life; and when for rhyme renown'd,
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy ſtage,
And ſleep beneath a flow'ry turf full ſound.

INDEX.

Beginning with the firſt line of every Song.

The Songs marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c. are new words by different hands; X, the authors unknown; Z, old ſongs; Q, old ſongs with additions.

A.

Come,

Here

I

K.

Let's

L.

M.

N.

O.

Pain'd

P.

R.

S.

T.

'Tis

To

U.

W.

We'll

Y.

A COLLECTION OF CHOICE SONGS.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green!
Sweet taste the peach and cherry:
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in consort chanting?
But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a burn,
His *Christy* did o'erhear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But ere he wist drew near him.
She spake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My *Christy!*—— witness, bonny stream,
Sic joys frae tears arising,
I wish this may na be a dream;
O love the maist surprising!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna with set speeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kisses.

The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.

HEar me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me.
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;

If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain,
  She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh blom'd fair in *May*,
  Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
  It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural powers, who hear my ſtrains,
  Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
  Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
  My paſſion no more tender.
I'll leave the buſh aboon *Traquair*,
  To lonely wilds I'll wander.

C.

An ODE.

To the tune of, *Polwarth on the Green*.

THO' beauty, like the roſe,
  That ſmiles on *Polwarth* geen,
In various colours ſhows,
  A 'tis by fancy ſeen:
Yet all its different glories lie
  United in thy face;
And virtue, like the ſun on high,
  Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air.
  So ſmooth, ſo calm her mind,
That to ſome angel's care
  Each motion ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay,
  The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they ſtole the ray
  She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
  With tuneful voice ſhe ſings,

Perfume her breath and ſmile,
And wave their balmy wings:
But as the tender bluſhes riſe,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The ſoul in bliſsful ecſtaſies
Diſſolveth in the charm.

D.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHat beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Mary*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor *Tweed* gliding gently through thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird and ſweet-cooing dove,
With muſic inchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does *Mary* not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.

Say,

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! Tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the *Tweed*?

SONG.

To the tune of, *Wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

IS *Hamilla* then my own?
O! the dear, the charming treaſure:
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown;
All my future life is pleaſure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
Smiling heaven is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms ariſe,
Roſy ſmiles, and kindling bluſhes;
Love ſits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her ſecret wiſhes.

Haſte then from th' *Idalian* grove,
Infant ſmiles, and ſports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your ſweet embraces.

Softeſt raptures, pure from noiſe,
This fair happy night ſurround us;
While a thouſand ſprightly joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unſour'd with care or ſtrife,
Heaven ſtill guard this dearest bleſſing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing.

SONG.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the warld is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare,
Were ev'ry one as rich as *Crœsus*,
While our bottle drowns our care.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget:
Come let us fuddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
We are toping at our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus:
Death, be gone, here's none but souls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling death away shall fly,
Ever after understanding,
Drinking souls can never die.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEarken and I will tell you how
Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you.

But

But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'se hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yad as he did ride,
With durk and piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
Out o'er yon moſs, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win,
I care no for making miekle din,
What anſwer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my doughter winna gloom
On ſic a lad as ye.
The wooer he ſtepp'd up the houſe,
And wow but he was wondrous crouſe,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owſen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;
I ſcorn to tell a lie:
Beſides, I had frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And gript her hard about the waſte.
With a ſal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;
And for myſell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and ſpat in his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a ſal, dal, &c.

The maiden bluſh'd, and bing'd ſu law,
She had na will to ſay him na,
But to her dady ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiſs,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a ſal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na ſay me na,
But to yourſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
But ſic's I ha'e, ye's get a pickle,
With a ſal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three ſoums of ſheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't.
I'm far frae hame, make haſte let's do't,
With a ſal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to paſs,
With mony a blytheſome lad and laſs;
But ſichen a day there never was,
Sick mirth was never ſeen.

This

This winſome couple ſtraked hands,
Meſs *John* ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a ſal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our ladſes' een,
With a ſal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and ſic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met,
With a ſal, dal, &c. Z.

The Promis'd Joy.

To the tune of, *Carl an the king come.*

W*Hen we meet again,* Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loſs reſult in gain, Phely.

Long the ſport of fortune driv'n,
To deſpair our thoughts were giv'n,
Our odds will all be ev'n, *Phely.*
When we meet again, Phely, *&c.*

Now in dreary diſtant groves,
Tho' we moan like turtle doves,
Suff'ring beſt our virtue proves,
And will enhance our loves, *Phely,*
When we meet again, Phely, *&c.*

Joy will come in a surprise,
Till its happy hour arise;
Temper well your love-sick sighs,
For hope becomes the wise, *Phely*,
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely. M.

To Delia, on her drawing him to her Valentine.

To the tune of, *Black-ey'd Susan*.

YE powers! was *Damon* then so bless'd,
To fall to charming *Delia*'s share;
Delia, the beateous maid, possess'd
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?
Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my wish is giv'n.

I came, and *Delia* smiling show'd,
She smil'd, and show'd the happy name;
With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and bless'd the new born-flame.
May softest pleasures careless round her move,
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,
That breast where love and graces play,
O name beyond expression blest?
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be so lodg'd! the thought is ecstasy,
Who would not wish in paradise to lie? R.

The Faithful Shepherd.

To the tune of, *Auld lang syne*.

WHen flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And sporting lambkins play,

When

When ſpangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And muſic wak'd the day;
Then did my *Chloe* leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love ſhe vow'd no pow'r
Shou'd lead her heart aſtray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art beſtow,
To give us change of ſongs:
Scenes of delight my ſoul poſſeſs'd,
I bleſs'd, then hugg'd my maid;
I robb'd the kiſſes from her breaſt,
Sweet as a noon-day's ſhade,

Joy tranſporting never fails
To fly away as air,
Another ſwain with her previals
To be as falſe as fair.
What can my fatal paſſion cure?
I'll never woo again;
All her diſdain I muſt endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus ſighing with his pain!
But time and ſcorn may give him joy,
To hear her ſigh again.
Ah! fickle *Chloe*, be advis'd,
Do not thyſelf beguile,
A faithful lover ſhould be priz'd,
Then cure him with a ſmile.

To Mrs S. H. on her taking ſomething ill I ſaid.

To the tune of, *Hallow ev'n.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous heav'n erewhile ſerene?

Whence

Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
Or what this gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscure in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For *Venus* every heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And *Pallas*, with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure;
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With *Cupid*'s bow, and *Pallas*' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill!

He

He skipt the burn, and flew to me:
I met him with good-will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by:
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play;
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom. &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart: cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
May now lie useless by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu,

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,
Farewell a' pleasures there;
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave or care.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wish I were with my deor swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

S. R.

To Chloe.

To the tune of, *I wish my love were in a mire.*

O Lovely maid! how dear's thy pow'r?
At once I love, at once adore:
With wonder are my thoughts posseſt,
While ſoftest love inſpires my breast.
This tender look, these eyes of mine,
Confess their am'rous master thine;
These eyes with *Strephon*'s passion play,
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine;
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy:
And thus I've bound my self to love,
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But, like some disconsol'd shade,
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

L.

Upon

Upon hearing his picture was in CHLOE's breast.

To the tune of, *The fourteen of* October.

YE gods! was *Strephon*'s picture bless
With the fair heaven of *Chloe*'s breast?
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For *Strephon* was the bliss design'd?
For *Strephon*'s sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, bless'd shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my *Chloe*'s heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beateous heav'n,
That *Chloe*, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks, that lifeless are;
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade:
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then charmer grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me bless'd.

Song for a Serenade.

To the tune of, *The Broom of* Cowdenknows.

TEach me *Chloe*, how to prove
My boasted flame sincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,
To bribe my soul to rest,
Vainly spreads her silken arms,
And courts me to her breast.

Where can *Strephon* find repose,
If *Chloe* is not there?
For ah! no peace his bosom knows,
When absent from the fair.

What tho' *Phœbus* from on high
With-holds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light supply,
And give me more than day. L.

Love is the cause of my mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oftimes heard her say,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.
False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for *Strephon*'s cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! *the cause of my mourning.*
But first said she let me go
Down to the shades below,
Ere ye let *Strephon* know
That I have lov'd him so:

Then

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh:
But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! *the cause of my mourning.*
Restore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs, use your art.
They sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris *with mourning.*
Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he said;
I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
Down to the silent shade.
Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with mourning.* X.

To Mrs A. H. on seeing her at a consort.

To the tune of, *The bonniest lass in a' the world.*

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair seats of youthful pleasures,
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee. 2. C.

The Bonny Scot.

To the tune of, *The boatman.*

YE gales, that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny boatman,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot*—man:
In baly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While parents rate
A large estate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat—man
E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
Refuse my bonny *Scot*—man.
Wae worth the man
Wha first began
The base ungenerous fashion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to use,
While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie,
Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hawse thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then hast on board,
Fair winds and tenty boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*—man.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

To its own tune.

NAncy's to the *green wood* gane,
To hear the *gowdspink* chatt'ring,
And *Willie* he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny or my aunty?
With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang kail and ranty-tanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keeped ay a good kail-yard,
A ha' house and a pantry:
A good blew bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his craggy;
And ay unto the day he dy'd,
He rade on good shanks naggy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
Wad ye ha'e bonny *Nancy*?
Wad ye compare ye'r sell to me,
A docken till a tansie?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him souple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, *Nancy*, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this *Sandy*?

I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
Was *Rab* the beggar randy:
His minny *Meg* upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me your winsome *Willy*?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty;
And if I can but get it drawn
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then *Nancy* turn'd her round about,
And said, Did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
I ken he disna fear ye:
Sae hand ye'r tongue, and sae nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy:
For as lang's *Sandy*'s to the fore,
Ye never shall get *Nancy*.

Z.

SLIGHTED NANCY.

To the tune of, *The kirk wad let me be.*

THIS I have seven braw new gowns,
And ither seven better to mak;
And yet for a' my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides I have seven milk ky,
And *Sandy* he has but three;
And yet for a' my good ky,
The laddie winna ha'e me.

My

My dadie's a delver of dikes,
  My mither can card and ſpin,
And I am a fine fodgel laſs,
  And the ſiller comes linkin in,
The ſiller comes linking in,
  And it is ſou fair to ſee,
And fifty times wow! O wow!
  What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our *Baty* does bark,
  Then faſt to the door I rin,
To ſee gin ony young ſpark
  Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
  Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the houſe I rin;
  And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my firſt prayers,
  I pray'd but anes i' the year,
I wiſh'd for a hanſome young lad,
  And a lad with muckle gear.
When I was at my neiſt pray'rs,
  I pray'd but now and than,
I faſh'd na my head about gear.
  If I got a hanſome young man.

Now when I'm at my laſt pray'rs,
  I pray on baith night and day,
And O! if a beggar wad come,
  With that ſame beggar I'd gae.
And O! and what'll come o' me!
  And O! and what'll I do?
That ſic a braw laſſie as I
  Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

LUCKY NANCY.

To the tune of, *Dainty Davie.*

WHile ſops, in ſaft Italian verſe,
  Ilk fair ane's een and breaſt rehearſe,

While ſangs abound and ſenſe is ſcarce,
  Theſe lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* ſhall appear,
And yet with theſe fine ſounds I ſwear,
  The maidens are delited.
    I was ay telling you,
    Lucky Nancy, *lucky* Nancy,
    Auld ſprings wad ding the new,
    But ye wad never trow me.

Nor ſnaw with crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my laſſie's cheeks;
And ſyne th' unmeaning name prefix,
  Miranda, *Chloe*, or *Phillis*.
I'll fetch nae ſimile frae *Jove*,
My height of ecſtaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing — thus — preſent my love
  With roſes eke and lilies.
    I was ay telling you, &c.

But ſtay, — I had amaiſt forgot
My miſtreſs and my ſang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wat;
  But, *Nancy*, 'tis nae matter,
Ye ſee I clink my verſe wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how ſweet my numbers chime,
  And ſlide away like water.
    I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend ſonſy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-ſhut een and hodling air,
  Are a' my paſſions fewel.
Nae ſkyring gowk, my dear, can ſee,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou haſt charms enow for me,
  Then ſmile, and be na cruel.

Leez me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, *lucky* Nancy;
Driest wood will eithest low,
And, Nancy, *sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable *Nancy*.
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c.

Q.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

The tune after an *Italian* manner.

Composed by Signor Lorenzo Bocchi.

RECITATIVE.

BLate *Jonny* faintly tald fair *Jean* his mind;
Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang;
He thought her scorn came frae her heart unkind,
Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

AIR.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,
That I'm despis'd by thee,
I hate to live, but O I'm wae,
And unco sweer to die.
Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy hours
I thole by your disdain;
Ah! should a breast sae fast as yours
Contain a heart of stane?

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,
With melting heart she list'ned to the boy;
O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love:
He in return thus sang his rising joy.

AIR.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
Ye've tint the power to pine;
My *Jeany*'s good, my *Jeany*'s fair,
And a' her sweets are mine.
O spread thine arms and gi'e me sowth
Of dear enchanting bliss,
A thousand joys around thy mouth
Gi'e heaven with ilka kiss.

The TOAST.

To the tune of, *Saw ye my Peggy*.

COme let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loves nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free,
Away with dull, Hear t'ye, Sir;
Ye'er mistress, *Robie*, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
Come let's join our glasses,
And refresh our hauses
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their cash be clinking,
Be statesmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking,
Give our cares the lie.

MAGGIE'S

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

To its ain tune.

THE meal was dear ſhort ſyne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither:
And *Maggie* was in her prime,
When *Willie* made courtſhip till her:
Twa piſtals charg'd begſs,
To gi'e the courting ſhot;
And ſyne came ben the laſs,
Wi' ſwats drawn frae the butt.
He firſt ſpeer'd at the guidman,
And ſyne at *Giles* the mither,
An ye wad gi's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye ſhall hae,
I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it ſall be good,
There's nane ſall hae its maik,
The laſs bound in her ſnood,
And *Crummie* who kens her ſtake:
With an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They'r jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither

Ye ſpeak right well, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither,
A houſe is butt and benn,
And *Crummie* will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We have nouther pot nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear.
Twa good ſtilts to the pleugh,
And ye your ſell maun ſteer:
Ye ſhall hae twa good pocks
That ames were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the grots,
The ither to had the meal:
With an auld kiſt made of wands,
And that ſall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may be your tocher.

Conſider well, guidman,
We hae but borrow'd gear,
The horſe that I ride on
Is *Sandy Wilſon*'s mare:
The ſaddle's nane of my ain,
An thae's but borrow'd boots,
And when that I gae hame,
I maun take to my coots:
The cloak is *Geordy Watt*'s,
That gars me look ſae crouſe;
Come fill us a cogue of ſwats,
We'll mak na mair toom ruſe.

I like you well, young lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I married when little I had,
O' gear that was my ain.
But ſin that things are ſae,
The bride ſhe maun come furth,
Tho' a' the gear ſhe'll hae,
It'll be but little worth.
A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on *Giles* the mither:
Content am I, quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the hiſſie come hither.

The

The bride ſhe gade till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her;
The fiddler crap in at the fit,
An they cuddl'd it a' the gither. Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Blink over the burn, ſweet* BETTY.

LEave kindred and friends, ſweet *Betty*,
Leave kindred and friends for me:
Aſſur'd thy ſervant is ſteddy
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune
May fly by chance as they came;
They're grounds the deſtinies ſport on,
But virtue is ever the ſame.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my dear.
And ſhou'd life's ſorrows embitter
The pleaſure we promis'd our lover,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my love in my arms!
By thee to be graſp'd! and kiſſed!
And live on thy heaven of charms;
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Shou'd fortune capricious prove;
Tho' death ſhou'd tear me to pieces,
I.d die a martyr to love. M.

SONG.

To the tune of, *The bonny gray-ey'd morning.*

CEleſtial muſes, tune your lyres,
Grace all my raptures with your lays.

Charming

Charming, inchanting *Kate* inspires,
In lofty sounds her beauties praise.
How undesigning she displays
Such scenes as ravish with delight;
Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,
I neither will, nor can her harm;
I would but gently touch her heart,
And try for once if that cou'd charm.
Go, *Venus*, use your fav'rite wile,
As she is beauteous, make her kind,
Let all your graces round her smile,
And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
And all my anxious cares remov'd,
In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.
Then shall alternate life and death,
My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,
The softest tend'rest things I'll breathe,
Betwixt each am'rous fond caress.

O.

SONG.

To the tune of, *The broom of* Cowdenknows.

SUbjected to the power of love,
By *Nell*'s resistless charms,
The fancy fix'd no more can rove,
Or fly soft love's alarms.

Gay *Damon* had the skill to shun
All traps by *Cupid* laid,
Until his freedom was undone
By *Nell* the conquering maid.

But

But who can ſtand the force of love,
When ſhe reſolves to kill?
Her ſparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
And wound us with our will.

O happy *Damon*, happy fair,
What *Cupid* has begun,
May faithful *Hymen* take a care
To ſee it fairly done. G.

SONG.

Tune of, *Logan water*.

Vitas hinnuleo me ſimilis, Chloe.

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run?
Why from his ſoft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments ſhun?

So flies the *fawn*, with fear oppreſs'd,
Seeking its *mother* ev'ry where,
It ſtarts at ev'ry empty blaſt,
And trembles when no danger's near,

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face,
Not with a hateful ſtep purſue,
As age to rifle every grace.

Ceaſe then, dear wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all rivals to outſhine,
And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave *mamma*'s arms, and come to *mine*. W.

A SOUTH-SEA SANG.

Tune of, *For our lang biding here*.

WHEN we came to *London* town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In riſing ſtocks to buy a ſkair:

We

We daftly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin pay'd right dear;
The lave will fare the war in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purses toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the *South-sea* house,
The whilly wha's will grip ye'r gear,
Syne a' the leave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O *Bell*, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain,
When night returns, I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures, which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

Oh!

Oh! turn, and let compassion seine
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the pow'rs of love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

Love inviting Reason.

A SONG to the tune of, —*Chami ma chattle, ne deuce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
Ere *Annie* became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy ajee;—
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the spleen?
Can tining of trifles be uneasy to thee?
Can lapdogs and monkeys draw tears from these een,
That look with indifference on poor dying me?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new manto or *Flanders* lace head,
Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never sae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer ye'er fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
And tent a true lover that dotes upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
And aim at these benisons promis'd to me?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
Love only thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee,

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
That slade away saftly between thee and me,
Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love, and impose upon thee.
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob of Dumblane.

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.
Haste ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,
Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;
Consider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again.
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did na accept the *Bob of Dumblane*.

The

The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,
Away then, leave baith minny and dady,
And try with the *Bob of Dumblane*.

SONG complaining of absence.

To the tune of, *My apron, deary*.

AH *Chloe!* thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;
I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
There sigh for my charmer, and long to return;
The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
But they smile all in vain—my *Chloe's* away;
The field and the grove can afford me no ease,—
But bring me my *Chloe*, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;
These are not the looks of my *Chloe*, I cry,
These looks where bright love, like the sun sits en-
And smiling diffuses his influence round (thron'd,
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd,
Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,
It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night;
But now my hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
In secret I languish, a prey to despair;
But absence and torment abate not my flame,
My *Chloe's* still charming, my passion the same;
O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, for I would be bless'd.

R.

SONG.

To the tune of, *I fix'd my fancy on her.*

BRight *Cynthia*'s power divinely great,
What heart is not obeying?
A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.
She seems the queen of love to reign;
For she alone dispenses
Such sweets as best can entertain
The gust of all our senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
Her breath gives balmy blisses;
I hear an angel when she sings,
And taste of heaven in kisses.
Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
From nature's richest treasure:
Let me the other sense employ,
And I shall die with pleasure.

X.

SONG.

To the tune of, *I loo'd a bonny lady.*

TEll me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain?
Must I die for ev'ry feature!
Must I always love in vain?
The desire of admiration
Is the pleasure you pursue;
Pray thee try a lasting passion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you;
For a lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.

Are

Are ſuch giddy ways beſeeming?
Will my dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the joy of women,
Let their ſlaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my deſp'rate thoughts increaſe;
Pray conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover leſs.
If your wand'ring heart is beating,
For new lovers let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

THE REPLY,

IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Supreſs thoſe ſighs, and weep no more;
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, ſince any power,
To crown thy love, muſt alter mine.

But if revenge can eaſe thy pain,
I'll ſooth the ills I cannot cure;
Tell that I drag a hopleſs chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

X.

The ROSE in YARROW.

To the tune of, *Mary Scot*.

'TWas ſummer, and the day was fair,
Reſolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting ſorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of *Yarrow*;

Till then despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own secure:
But *Cupid*'s art did there deceive me,
And *Mary*'s charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ransom take for *Mary*'s slave?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me;
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair:
This beauteous flower, this rose of *Yarrow*,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,
I'd ask to ly in *Mary*'s breast;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure;
Despising kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts, and courtiers fate;
My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on *Yarrow*.

But tho' such bless I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind?
Thou breast, all softness, must prove kind;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of *Yarrow*. C.

The Fair Penitent.

A SONG ——*To its ain tune.*

A Lovely lass to a friar came
To confess in a morning early,
In what my dear, art thou to blame?
Come own it all sincerely.

I've

I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greateſt fault in myſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover.
Then you to Rome *for that muſt go,*
Their diſcipline to ſuffer.
Lake a day, Sir! if it muſt be ſo,
Pray with me ſend my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me yo'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt ſealing.
I muſt own, Sir, tho' I bluſh for ſhame,
That your penance is prevailing. X.

The laſt time I came o'er the Moor.

THE laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me.
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kis'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſorround me:

Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since she excels in every grace.
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,
On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me;
Then *Hymen*'s sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

The Lass of PEATY's Mill.

THE lass of *Peaty*'s mill,
So bonny blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand.

Thro'

Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An ecſtaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs ſand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of *Peaty*'s mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who ſkiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear *Delia* take a care,
And repreſent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, juſtice, love, and truth;
Till I return her paſſions ſooth,
For me in whiſpers move her.

Be careful no baſe ſordid ſlave,
With ſoul ſunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to ſave,
With glaring gold bewitch her.

Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me, who know how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind,
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms espy,
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mold divine,
Fair *Delia* does with lustre shine,
Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
Which yields a constant treasure.
Let poets in sublimest lays,
Employ their skill her fame to raise;
Let sons of music pass whole days,
With well tun'd reeds to please her.

The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN *April*, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The *Yellow-hair'd laddie* would oftentimes go (grow.
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He sang with so sast and enchanting a sound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That

That *Madie* in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth:
But *Suſie* was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great (dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four:
Then, ſighing, he wiſhed, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his miſtreſs might be.

NANNY—O.

WHile ſome for pleaſure pawn their health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without ſtealth,
Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny* — O,
She bids more fair t' engage a *Jove*
Than *Leda* did or *Danea* — O.
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but *Nanny* — O.

How joyfully my ſpirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely — O.
I gueſs what heaven is by her eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely — O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breath in the bleſs'd *Britannia*,
None's happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny* — O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny — O,
My lovely charming Nanny — O,
I care not though the world know
How dearly I love Nanny — O:

BONNY JEAN.

LOve's goddeſs in a myrtle grove,
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
For *Jeany*'s haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes *Willie*'s kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondeſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
While ev'ry day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thouſand tranſports croud his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s prize, the *Spartan* queen,
With breaking day, he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

Throw

Throw the Wood, Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naething can please me:
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.

Down the Burn, Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth *Davie*'s blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, *love*,
And I shall follow thee.

Now

Now *Davie* did each lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this burn ſide,
And *Mary* was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were roſy, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they ſaid!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her boſom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And naething ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a wawk ſae ſweet;
And that they aften ſhou'd return
Sic pleaſure to renew,
Quoth *Mary*, love, I like the burn,
And ay ſhall follow you.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Gilder Roy*.

AH! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happineſs nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Wou'd take my heart away.

Your

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart;
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;—
To make a beauty, she.

SONG.

To the tune of, *The yellow-hair'd laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my (strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs,
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
When

When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

SONG.

To the tune of, *When she came ben she bobbed.*

COme, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by *Jove.*

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint:
But I found her *religion*, her *face*, and her *love*,
Were *hypocrisy*, *paint*, and *self-interest*, by *Jove.*

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing air,
Her *outside* was orderly, modest, and fair;
But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,
For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by *Jove.*

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
(You know *marriage* and *money together* does best.)
But the *baggage* forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,
Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling dull coxcomb*, by *Jove.*

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:
I know

I know few of the ſex that are worthy my love;
And for *ſtrumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them by *Jove*.

L.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

D*Umbarton*'s drums beat bonny — O.
When they mind me of my dear *Jonny* — O.
How happy am I,
When my ſoldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie* — O!
'Tis a ſoldier alone can delight me — O,
For his graceful looks do invite me — O:
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death ſhall e'er fright me — O.

My love is a handſome laddie — O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy — O:
Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a cadie — O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery — O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery — O.
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king;
For every other care is But ſlavery — O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady — O;
Farewell all my friends and my daddy — O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready — O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny — O,
They are ſprightly like my dear *Jonny* — O;
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie* — O!

Auld

Auld lang syne.

SHould auld acquantance be forgot,
Tho' they return with scars?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars.
Welcome, my VARO, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thousand *Cupids* play,
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may pursue the chace,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
And signs of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the powers above:

Next

Next day, with consent and glade haſt,
  Th' approach'd the ſacred ſhrine;
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſs'd,
  And put them out of pine.

The Lass of Livingston.

PAin'd with her ſlighting *Jamie*'s love,
  Bell dropt a tear—*Bell* dropt a tear;
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praiſes of the youth
From her own tongue — from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus ſhe ſung — and thus ſhe ſung.

  Bleſs'd days when our ingenious ſex,
More frank and kind — more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex;
But ſpoke their mind — but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return — wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cauſe him mourn — or cauſe him mourn.

  Why lov'd I thee deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame — yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame — to own my flame?
Why took I pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy — and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy — my ſlighted joy.

  Ye fair, while beauty's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire — own your deſire,
While love's young power with his ſoft wing
Fans up the fire — fans up the fire,

O do not with a silly pride,
Or low design — or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain — but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes — with flowing eyes.
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,
With sweet surprise — with sweet surprise.
Some god had led him to the grove;
His mind unchang'd — his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd — I am reveng'd!

PEGGY, I must love thee.

AS from a rock past all relief,
The shipwrack'd *Colin* spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying:
With the next morning sun he spies
A ship which gives unhop'd surprise;
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in *Peggy*'s mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying?
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying:

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose:
Why should we happy minutes lose,
Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doting on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear;
False *Betty*'s charms now disappear,
Since *Peggy*'s far outshine them.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny lassies,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy*'s hair's like a lint-tap;
She smiles like a *May* morning,
When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis*' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waste and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O *Jove*, she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wa'es me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

JONNY.

THO' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd reave me, (thee:
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented;
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart sairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My *Nelly*, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye:
Your blooming saft beauties first beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

NELLY.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin you prove fause, to ye'rsell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
And fair summer-mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The starns shall gang wintershines ere I deceive thee.

My Deary, if you die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me:
Without thee I shall never live,
My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary-dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With *Cupid*'s raving rage,
But thine which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that like the morning-sun
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its destin'd day is done,
With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.
Restore my *Peggy*'s wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from those arms
I'm lost if *Peggy* die.

My Jo Janet.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the *Bass* then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My jo Janet.

A king in the draw well clear,
What if I shou'd fa' in?
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd myself for sin.
Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through *Aberdeen* then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon then.

Clout

Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a mawking,
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be tanking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their faults will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spining-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spining-wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spining-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, Sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, Sir.
Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

SONG.

To the tune of, *John Anderson my jo.*

WHAT means this niceness now of late,
Since time that truth does prove;
Such distance may consist with state,
But never will with love.

'Tis either cunning or disdain
That does such ways allow;
The first is base, the last is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not ha'f that art;
For if you chance a look to cast,
That seems to be a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

Auld Rob Morris.

MITHER.

AULD *Rob Morris* that wins in yon glen, (men,
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too;
Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou weel,
His a—— it sticks out like ony peat-creel,
He's outshinn'd, inkme'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld *Rob Morris* is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye should na be so ill to shoo,
For Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will hae,
His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown gray:
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear.

Q.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Come kiss with me, come clap with me*, &c.

PEGGY.

MY *Jocky* blyth, for what thou'st done,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither sees a change on me,
For my complexion dashes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the rashes.

JOCKY.

My *Peggy*, what I've said I'll do,
To tree thee frae her scouling.
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling;
For her content I'll instant wed,
Since thy complexion dashes;
And then we'll try a feather-bed,
'Tis safter than the rashes.

PEGGY.

Then, *Jocky*, since thy love's sae true,
Let mither scoul, I'm easy:
Sae langs I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.

And

And there's my hand I's ne'er complain;
Oh! weel's me on the rushes,
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their clashes.

Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Rothes's lament*; or, *Pinky-house*.

AS *Sylvia* in a forest lay,
To vent her wo alone;
Her swain *Sylvander* came that away,
And heard her dying moan:
Ah! is my love (she said) to you
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;
In floods now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore?
But ah! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind;
Alas! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous constant I
Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said — all breathless, sick, and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.

Syl.

Sylvander then began to melt:
But ere the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heaven. M.

The young LAIRD and EDINBURGH KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while;
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my fathers tow'r,
A canny, safe, and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:

When-

Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY's Anſwer.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me:
I canna get leave
To look to my loove,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor *Kate*,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOT.

HAppy's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,

Did

Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of *Yarrow*?
Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguil,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of *Yarrow*.

Be huſh, ye fears, I'll not deſpair,
My *Mary*'s tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When *Mary Scot*'s become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe in *Yarrow*.

O'er Bogie.

I *Will awa' wi' my love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie *wi' her.*
If I can get but her conſent,
I dinna care a ſtrae;
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now ſhe's miſtreſs of my heart,
And wordy of my hand.
And well I wat we ſhanna part
For fillar or for land.
Let rakes delyete to ſwear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleaſure is to blink
On *Betty*'s bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, treats, and air,
The faul that sparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare:
Her flowing wit gives shining life
To a' her other charms;
How bless'd I'll be when she's my wife,
And lock'd up in my arms!
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
While o'er the sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,
Shame fa' them that wa'd change
A kiss of *Betty* and a smile,
Abeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to *Britain*'s isle,
And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

AND I'll o'er the moor to *Maggy*,
Her wit and sweetness call me;
Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befall me.
If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing;
Or likes the *Nine* to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus*' spring,
And invocate *Apollo*.

If she admire a martial mind,
I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
If to the softer dance inclin'd,
With gayest airs I'll charm her:
If she love grandure, day and night,
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's sight,
And shine in future story.

Beauty

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
Where wit is correſponding;
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny *Maggy*'s love can turn
Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn,
Which in my boſom blazes.

POLWART on the GREEN.

AT Polwart *on the green*
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames ſay *Na*,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſna',
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome day.
At night, if beds be o'er throng laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY's bonny Lassie.

BY smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
Mysell thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny *Hay* that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good mor-
The sward of the mead, enamel'd with deasies, (row.
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter:
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to caress ye,
For a' my desire is *Hay*'s bonny lassie.

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While *May*'s sweet scent did chear my brain,
From flow'rs which grew so rarely:
I chance'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd though it was foggy;
I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is *Katharine Ogie*.

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
  To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear
  In a country-maid ſo neatly:
Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
  Like a lilie in a boggie.
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
  Like this ſame *Katharine Ogie*.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
  Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;
Though thou art dreſs'd in robes but mean,
  Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee;
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
  Far excels any clowniſh rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
  My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O were I but ſome ſhepherd ſwain!
  To feed my flock beſide thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
  In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
  With *Kate*, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
  Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
  And ſtateſmens dangerous ſtations:
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
  I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations:
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
  This laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
  Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
  For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
  All other works in nature.

Clouds of dispair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggy:
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for *Katharine Ogie.*

An thou were my ain Thing.

OF race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For heaven's sake, oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O! for their sakes support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fates my threed of life have spun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.
An thou were, &c. X.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, &c.

Sae

Sae lang's I had the uſe of light,
I'd on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,
Syne in ſaſt whiſpers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*?
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou ſhould be queen,
Nane but myſell aboon thee.
An thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay;
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae ſcorn undo thee.
An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk ſmile, thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt *May*, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant ſlave, regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it.
'Tis proof a-ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiſs and a ſmily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are,
Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
That, when in pools, I ſee thee clean 'em;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Though kith and kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks left they ſhou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear laſſie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O ſay, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY ſaid to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my tocher-good,
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' *Jonny*, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be,

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn and a byre,
A ſtack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry ſhall we be:
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany ſaid to *Jocky*, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the lad, I'll be the laſs myſell.
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be. Z.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Peggy, I muſt love thee.*

BEneath a beech's grateful ſhade,
Young *Colin* lay complaining;
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a maid,
Without hopes of obtaining:
For thus the ſwain indulg'd his grief,
Though pity cannot move thee,
Though thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
For which you ſhould excuſe him!
'Twas thy dear ſelf firſt rais'd this flame,
This fire by which I languiſh;
Tis thou alone can quench the ſame,
And cool its ſcorching anguiſh.

For thee I leave the ſportive plain,
Where ev'ry maid invites me;
For thee, ſole cauſe of all my pain,
For thee that only ſlights me:
This love that fires my faithful heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! would thou act ſo good a part,
My grief might ſoon be ended.

That beauteous breaſt, ſo ſoft to feel,
Seem'd tenderneſs all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like ſteel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing lover.
Alas! tho' ſhould it ne'er relent,
Nor *Colin*'s care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's lateſt breath is ſpent,
My *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

C.

Genty

Genty TIBBY, and sonsy NELLY.

To the tune of, *Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a store o' charms,
Her genty shape our fancy warms;
How strangely can her sma' white arms
Fetter the lad who looks but at her?
Fra'er ancle to her slender waist,
These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawsy, saft, and gay,
Fresh as the lucken flowers in *May*;
Ilk ane that sees her, cries, *Ah hey*
She's bonny! O *I wonder at her*!
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;
Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When these twa stars appear the gither,
O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither
Our spacious sauls immense desires,
And ay be in a hankering swither,

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
And *Nelly*'s beauties are divine;
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition;
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect *plano* and fruition.

UP IN THE AIR.

NOW the ſun's gane out o' ſight,
Beet the ingle, and ſnuff the light;
In glens the fairies ſkip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to *France*.
Up in the air
On my bonny gray mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet.
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and ſna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot ba';
Nae ſtarns keek thro' the azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.
The man i' the moon
Is carouſing aboon;
D' ye ſee, d' ye ſee, d' ye ſee him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire.
Up in the air,
It drives away care;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the froſt;
Come, *Willie*, gie's about ye'r toaſt;
Til't lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythſome bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gi'e her a kiſs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.

Be ſure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and hartſome time:
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſoft minutes of delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen na-ſays are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant:
Then, ſurly carls, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that as well as I
You're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f-year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie*'s arms for good and a':
But ſtint your wiſhes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae further till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live lang day:
A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies.
Gang ſoon to bed and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal-day:
And if ye're weary'd, honeſt light,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

The Mill, Mill — O.

BEneath a green ſhade I fand a fair maid,
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill — O;

A'

A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good-will — O:
Her bosom I press'd; but sunk in her rest,
She stirr'dna my joy to spill — O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my courage and skill — O,
Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa',
For the wind blew fair on the bill — O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame
Tald me with a voice right shrill — O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
I serlying speer'd how she fell — O.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell — O.
Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
And bad her a' fears expel — O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her deed myself — O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill* — O,
If I did offence, I'se make ye amends
Before I leave *Peggy*'s Mill — O.
O *the mill, mill* — O, *and the kill, kill* — O,
And the coggin of the wheel — O:
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a sodger reel — O.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

To the tune of, *Wo's my heart that we should sunder.*

With broken words, and down cast eyes,
Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender;
And, parting with his *Grisy*, cries,
Ah! wo's my heart that we should sunder.

To

To others I am cold as ſnow,
  But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go:
  It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
  No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
  My vows, though we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
  And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
  Shall ſtill be preſent, though we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
  You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
  Always to love me though we ſunder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear laſs,
  That as I leave her I may find her,
When that bleſs'd time ſhall come to paſs,
  We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

THE pawky auld carl came o'er the lee,
  Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courteſie,
  Will you lodge a ſilly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he ſat;
My daughter's ſhoulders he 'gan to clap,
  And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
  And I wad never think lang.

He

He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togither were ſay'ng,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo' ſhe and I were as white
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa' with thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure put on her claiſe;
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay,
For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae but the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gaed where the daughter lay,
The ſheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife did ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again;
For she's be burnt and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay he gave her his aith.
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man,

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

THE CORDIAL.

To the tune of, *Where shall our goodman lie?*

HE

WHere wad bonny *Annie* lie?
Alane nae mair ye maun lie;
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're laking!

And

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HE

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Alane nae mair ye maun lie;
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're laking!

SHE.

Can a lass sae young as I
Venture on the bridal-tie,
Syne down with a goodman lie?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Make me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to lie,
And sleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I shou'd wauking lie,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my bosom thou shalt lie,
When thou waukrife art, or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will then I comply,
Join us, priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman lie,
Wha can a cordial give me.

Ew-Bughts Marion.

Will ye go to the ew-bughts, *Marion*,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my *Marion*,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.
Marion's a bonny lass,
The blyth blink's in her eye;
And I wad I marry *Marion*,
Marion wad marry me.

There's

There's goud in your garters, *Marion*,
And silk on your white hauſs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiſs my *Marion*,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's bra lads in *Earnſlaw*, *Marion*,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk, when they ſee my *Marion*:
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ewes, my *Marion*;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*;
Juſt on her bridal-day;
And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waſtecoat of the *London* brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and ſtout, my *Marion*;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And gin ye forſake me, *Marion*,
I'll e'en draw up wi' *Jean*:
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramaſie;
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt, and ſee ye.

The blythſome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For *Jocky*'s to married to *Maggy*,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley-meal;
And there will be good ſawt herring,
To reliſh a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And

And there will be *Saney* the ſutor,
And *Will* wi' the meikle mou';
And there will be *Tam* the blutter,
With *Andrew* the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
With thumbleſs *Katy*'s goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked *Dowbie*,
And *Lawrie* the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be ſow-libber *Patie*,
And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the mill,
Caper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be *Alaſter Sibbie*,
Wha in with black *Beſſie* did mool,
With ſniveling *Lilly* and *Tibby*.
The laſs that ſtands aſt on the ſtool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
And coſt him gray breeks to his arſe,
Who after was hangit for ſtealing,
Great mercy it happen'd na warſe:
And there will be gleed *Geordy Janners*,
And *Kirſh* with the lilly-white leg,
Wha gade to the ſouth for manners,
And hang'd up her wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Judan Maclawrie*,
And blinkin daft *Barbara Macleg*,
Wi' ſlae-lugged ſharney-fac'd *Lawrie*,
And ſhangy-mou'd haluket *Meg*.
And there will be happer-ars'd *Nancy*,
And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by name,
Muck *Madie*, and fat-hippit *Griſy*,
The laſs wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And

And there will be *Girn again-Gibbie*,
With his glaikit wife *Jenny Bell*,
And misle-shin'd *Mungo Macapie*,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlings
Will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And caler nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and speldings enew,
With singed sheep heads, and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
And sowens, and farls, and baps,
With swats, and well scraped-paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps:
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
With skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt haddocks, wilkes, dulse and tangle,
And a mill of good snishing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be tilting there;
For Jocky's *to be married to* Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

The Highland Laddie.

THE lawland lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that gracefu' mien,
And manly looks of my highland laddie?
O *my bonny, bonny highland laddie;*
My handsome, charming highland laddie;
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

The brawest beau in borro-wstown,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's belted plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

Nae

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While heaven preſerves my highland laddie.
O *my bonny*, &c.

ALLAN WATER.

Or, My Love ANNIE's very bonny.

WHat numbers ſhall the muſe repeat?
What verſe be found to praiſe my *Annie*?
On her ten thouſand graces wait,
Each ſwain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy plain,
She ſet each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her ſwain complain,
That *Annie* kindles new deſire.

This lovely darling deareſt care,
This new delight, this charming *Annie*,
Like ſummer's dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
When *Flora*'s fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the croud *Amyntor* came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
His riſing ſighs expreſs'd his flame,
His words were few, his wiſhes many.
With ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind ſhepherd, why ſhould I deceive ye,
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid*'s art,
His wiles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling,
He ſtole away my virgin heart;
Ceaſe, poor *Amyntor*, ceaſe bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*. C.

The Collier's bonny Lassie.

THE collier has a daughter,
And O she's wonder bonny;
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money:
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover;
But love is like the ocean;
Wha can its depth discover!

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of *Willie*.

He lov'd beyon'd expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession,
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her,
In fastest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
Let naething discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher
Sall ever gar me lose ye:

For

For I have gear in plenty,
  And love ſays, 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me,
  Upon your wit and beauty.

Where HELEN lies.

To ——— in mourning.

AH! why theſe tears in *Nelly*'s eyes!
  To hear thy tender ſighs and cries,
The gods ſtand liſt'ning from the ſkies,
  Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
    Or ſome divinity.

O be leſs graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy ſevere and blind;
    Wounded, I ſigh, for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a height by *Hymen*'s ties,
To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
    And with thy charms be free.

Then muſt I hide my love, and die,
When ſuch a ſovereign cure is by?
No; ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
    Whate'er my fate may be;
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright eyes,
With thoſe dear agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
    The leaſt believed by me.

SONG.

To the tune of *Gallowshiels*.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,
While raptures trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her;
The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
Thatartless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

To L. M. M.

Tune, *Rantin roring Willie*.

O *Mary*! thy graces and glances,
Thy smiles so inchantingly gay,
And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour display.
But say not thou't imitate angels
Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me!
Can be found equalizing thy merit,
A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
  May warm up ten thousand to love,
Who dispairing, may fly to some other,
  While I may dispair, but ne'er rove,
What a mixture of sighing and joys
  This distant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
  Who loves in sad silence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
  And shipwreck'd, on landscapes on shore:
Be still more divine and have pity;
  I die soon as hope is no more.
For *Mary*, my soul is thy captive,
  Nor love, nor expects to be free;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
  Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.

This is no mine ain House.

THis is not mine ain house,
  I ken by the rigging o't:
Since with my love I've changed vows,
  I dinna like the bigging o't:
For now that I'm young *Robie*'s bride,
And mistress of his fire side,
Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
  And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewel to my father's house,
  I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
  When love with honour meets me.
When *Hymen* moulds us into one,
My *Robie*'s nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
  Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in my ain house,
  True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
  And let my man command ay;

Avoiding ilka cauſe of ſtrife,
The common peſt of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee She faws.

REturn homeward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be,
Thou art a fool to ſuffer pain
For love of ane that loves not thee.
My heart. let be ſic fantaſie,
Love only where thou haſt good cauſe;
Since ſcorn and likeing ne'er agree,
The fint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

To what effect ſhould thou be thrall?
Be happy in thine ain free-will
My heart, be never beſtial,
But ken wha does thee good or ill:
At hame with me then tarry ſtill,
And ſee wha can beſt play their paws,
And let the filly fling her fill,
For fint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Though ſhe be fair, I will not fenzie,
She's of a kind with mony mae;
For why, they are a felon menzie
That ſeemeth good, and are not ſae.
My heart, take neither ſturt nor wae
For *Meg*, for *Marjory*, or *Mauſe*,
But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
For fint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Remember, how that *Medea*
Wild for a ſight of *Jaſon* yied,
Remember, how young *Creſſida*
Left *Troilus* for *Diomede*;

Remember

Remember *Helen*, as we read,
Brought *Troy* from bliſs unto bare waws:
Then let her gae where ſhe may ſpeed,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Becauſe I ſaid I took it ill,
For her depart my heart was ſair,
But was beguil'd; gae where ſhe will,
Beſhrew the heart that firſt takes care:
But be thou merry late and air,
This is the final end and clauſe,
And let her feed and foully fair,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breaſt,
Ne'er let her ſlights thy courage ſpill,
Nor gie a ſob, although ſhe ſneeſt,
She's ſaireſt paid that gets her will.
She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
When ſhe glaicks paughty in her braws;
Now let her ſnirt and ſyke her fill,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws. Z.

To Mrs. E. C.

Tune, *Sae merry as we have been.*

NOW *Phœbus* advances on high,
Nae footſteps of winter are ſeen;
The birds carrol ſweet in the ſky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.
Through plantings, and burnies ſae clear,
We wander for pleaſure and health,
Where buddings and bloſſoms appear,
Giving proſpects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay ſcene all around,
That are, and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them a' naething is found
Sae perfect, *Eliza*, as thee.

Thy

Thy een the clear fountains excel,
Thy locks they outrival the grove;
When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,
Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lillies combin'd,
And flowers of maist delicate hue,
By thy cheek and dear breasts are outshin'd,
Their tinctures are naething sae true.
What can we compare with thy voice,
And what with thy humour so sweet?
Nae music can bliss with sic joys;
Sure angels are just sae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
Whose beauties ten thousand outshine:
Thy sweet shall be lasting and bright,
Being mix'd with sae many divine.
Ye powers, who have given sic charms
To *Eliza*, your image below,
O save her frae all human harms!
And make her hours happily flow.

My Daddy forbade, my Minny forbade.

When I think on my lad,
I sigh and am sad,
For now he is far frae me,
My daddy was harsh,
My minny was warse,
That gart him gae yont the sea,
Without an estate,
That made him look blate:
And yet a brave lad is he.
Gin safe he come hame,
In spite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice,
Of parents o'er wise,
That have but ae bairn like me,

That

That looks upon caſh,
As naething but traſh,
That ſhakles what ſhou'd be free.
And though my dear lad
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he;
Albeit I'm an heireſs,
I think it but fair is,
To love him, ſince he loves me.

Then my dear *Jamie*,
To thy kind *Jeanie*,
Haſte, haſte thee in o'er the ſea,
To her wha can find
Nae eaſe in her mind,
Without a blyth ſight of thee.
Though my daddy forbade,
And my minny forbade,
Forbidden I will not be;
For ſince thou alone
My favour haſt won,
Nane elſe ſhall e'er get it from me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee;
Be content with a heart,
That can never deſert,
Till they ceaſe to oppoſe or be.
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm reſolves they ſee;
Then I with pleaſure
Will yield up my treaſure,
And a' that love ordors to thee.

Tune, *Steer her up, and had her gawn.*

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;

But

But gin ſhe winna take a man,
E'en let her have her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave ſilly thinking,
Caſt thy cares of love away;
Let's our ſorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that ſhining glaſs of claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Take it aff, and let's hae mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books,
Let's have pleaſure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Place't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl,

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou, as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna ſpill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of *Venus* and her *Mumpers*,
Drinking better is than love.

Clout the Caldron.

HAve you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come from *Flanders*,
As ſcant of ſiller as of grace,
Diſbanded, we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a ſingle flie
For any man's reſentment;

For

For, lady fair, though I appear
  To ev'ry ane a tinkler,
Yet to yourſell I'm bauld to tell,
  I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love *Jupiter* into a ſwan,
  Turn'd for his lovely *Leda*;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
  To carry aff *Europa*.
Then may not I, as well as he,
  To cheat your *Argos* blinker,
And win your love, like mighty *Jove*,
  Thus hide me in a tinkler?
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
  But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
  Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
  And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinkler under tack
  That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The MALT-MAN.

THE malt-man comes on *Munday*,
  He craves wonder ſair,
Cries, *Dame, come gi' me my ſiller,*
  Or malt ye ſall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
  And gave him ſome good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantrie,
  As hoſtler-wives ſhould do.

When malt-men comes for ſiller,
  And gaugers with wands o'er ſoon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar.
  And clear them as I have done.

This bewith, when cunzie is ſcanty,
Will keep them from makin din;
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The ſnackeſt of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
But I can be as flee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears ſcores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll anſwer a bill for me.

Bonny Bessy.

Tune, *Beſſy's Haggies.*

Beſſy's beauties ſhine ſae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in tranſport make me view her.
Bonny *Beſſy*, thee alane
Love I, naething elſe about thee;
With thy comelineſs I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Beſſy's boſom's ſaft and warm,
Milk-white fingers ſtill employ'd;
He who takes her to his arm,
Of her ſweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear *Beſſy*, when the roſes
Leave thy cheek as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy mind diſcloſes,
Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Beſſy's tocher is but ſcanty,
Yet her face and ſoul diſcovers
Theſe inchanting ſweets in plenty
Muſt entice a thouſand lovers.
'Tis not money, but a woman
Of a temper kind and eaſy,
That gives happineſs uncommon,
Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

As

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the ſpring,
Which *Flora* had adorned
In raiment fair; now every thing
The rage of winter ſcorned:
I caſt mine eye, and did eſpy
A youth, who made great clamor;
And drawing nigh I heard him cry,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful ſong
With ſighs he did deliver;
Ah! *Jeany*'s face has comely grace,
Her locks that ſhine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets ſheen,
The morning-ſun outſhining,
Have caught my heart in *Cupid*'s net,
And make me die with pining.
Durſt I complain, nature's to blame,
So curiouſly to frame her,
Whoſe beauties rare make me with care
Cry, *Omnia vincit amor.*

Ye cryſtal ſtreams that ſwiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her ſcorning:
Let every tree a witneſs be,
How juſtly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note theſe my words,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.

Thus

Thus ſaid, his breath began to fail,
He could not ſpeak, but ſtammer;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I obſerv'd him near to death,
I run in haſte to ſave him,
But quickly he reſign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her ſake this vow I'll make,
My tongue ſhall ay defame her,
While on his herſe I'll write this verſe,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I conſider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though *Cupid* he be blind,
He proves in pith moſt mighty.
For warlike *Mars*, and thund'ring *Jove*,
And *Vulcan* with his hammer,
Did ever prove the ſlaves of love,
For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may ſee the effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break aſunder:
Nor wiſe, nor fool, need go to ſchool,
To learn this from his grammar;
His heart's the book, where he's to look,
For *omnia vincit amor*.

The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

I.

THere was a wife won'd in a glen,
And ſhe had dochters nine or ten,
That ſought the houſe baith but and ben,
To find their mam a ſniſhing.

The

The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aniest the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of ſniſhing.

II

Her mill into ſome hole had ſawn,
Whatrecks, quoth ſhe, let it be gawn,
For I maun hae a young goodman
Shall furniſh me with ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

III.

Her eldeſt dochter ſaid right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if ye with a younker wald,
He'll waſte away your ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c

IV

The youngeſt dochter ga'e a ſhout,
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Beſides ha'f blind, you have the gout,
Your mill can had nae ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

V

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and ſtump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

VI

Thole ye, ſays Peg, that pauky ſlut,
Mother, if ye can crack a nut,
Then we will a' conſent to it,
That you ſhall have a ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Note, *ſniſhing, in its literal meaning, is ſnuff made of tobacco; but, in this ſong, it means ſometimes contentment, a husband, love, money*, &c.

VII

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a piſtol-bullet gat:
She powerfully began to crack,
To win herſelf a ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

VIII

Braw ſport it was to ſee her chow't,
And 'tween her gums ſae ſqueez and row't,
While frae her jaws the ſlaver flow'd,
And ay ſhe curs'd poor ſtumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

IX,

At laſt ſhe gae a deſperate ſqueez,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
And ſyne poor ſtumpy was at eaſe,
But ſhe tint hopes of ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

X.

She of the taſk began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

XI.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
Aſoon as ye're paſt mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of ſniſhing:
Elſe, like this wife beyont the fire,
Ye'r bairns againſt you will conſpire;
Nor will ye get, unleſs ye hire,
A young man with your ſniſhing.

I'll never love thee more.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be governd by no other ſway,
But pureſt monarchy:

For

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain,
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all:

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in aw:
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me:
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

The Black-bird.

Upon a fair morning for soft recreation,
I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
Saying, My *blackbird* most royal is flown.
My thoughts they deceive me,
Reflections do grieve me,
And I am o'erburden'd with sad misery;
Yet, if death should blind me,
As true love inclines me,
My *blackbird* I'll seek out where-ever he be.

Once into fair *England* my *blackbird* did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
Because he was the true son of a king:
But since that false fortune,
Which still is uncertain,
Has caused this parting between him and me,
His name I'll advance
In *Spain* and in *France*,
And seek out my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,
The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;
And I am resolv'd in foul or fair weather,
Once in the spring to seek out my love.
He's all my heart's treasure,
My joy and my pleasure;
And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,
Who art constant and kind,
And courageous of mind,
All bliss on my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

In *England* my *blackbird* and I were together,
Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart;
Ah! wo to the time that first he went thither
Alas! he was forced from thence to depart.
In *Scotland* he's deem'd,
And highly esteem'd

In

In *England* he seemeth a stranger to be;
Yet his fame shall remain,
In *France* and in *Spain*;
All bliss to my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

What if the fowler my *blackbird* has taken,
Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune;
But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.
For him through the fire,
Through mud and through mire,
I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,
Who is constant and kind,
And noble of mind,
Deserving all blessings, where-ever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,
I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
More than of one that in *Britain* is born.
I pray heaven so spacious,
To *Britain* be gracious,
Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
Yet joy and renown,
And laurels shall crown
My *blackbird* with honour, where'ever he be.

Tak your auld cloak about you.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And *Boreas*, with his blasts sae bald,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then *Bell*, my wife wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up goodman, save *Cromy's* life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kine;
Aft has she wet the bairns mou,
And I am faith that she shou'd tyne;

Get up, goodman. it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gò tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anès a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king *Robert* rang,
His trews they coſt but ha'f a crown:
He, ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a'the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not ſee *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe?
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, ſhe loves na ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aſt maun yield, though I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Quadruple Alliance.

Tune, *Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWift, *Sandy*, *Young*, and *Gay*,
Are ſtill my heart's delight,
I ſing their ſangs by day,
And read their tales at night,
If frae their books I be,
'Tis dulneſs then with me;
But when theſe ſtars appear,
Jokes, ſmiles, and wit ſhine clear.

Swift with uncommon ſtile,
And wit that flows with eaſe
Inſtructs us with a ſmile,
And never fails to pleaſe.
Bright *Sandy* gladly ſings
Of heroes, gods, and kings:
He well deſerves the bays,
And every *Briton's* praiſe.

While thus our *Homer* ſhines:
Young, with *Horatian* flame,
Corrects theſe falſe deſigns
We puſh in love of fame.
Blyth *Gay* in pawky ſtrains,
Makes villains, clowns, and ſwains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Thoſe in a higher ſphere,

Swift, *Sandy*, *Young*, and *Gay*,
Long may you give delight;
Let all the *dunces* bray,
You're far above their ſpite:
Such, from a malice ſour,
Write nonſenſe, lame and poor,
Which never can ſucceed,
For who the traſh will read?

A SONG.

To the tune of, *I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

BLeſs'd as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile, &c.
So ſpoke and ſmil'd the eaſtern maid;
Like thine, ſeraphic were her charms,
That in *Circaſia*'s vineyards ſtray'd,
And bleſs'd the wiſeſt monarch's arms.

A thouſand fair of high deſert,
Strove to enchant the amorous king;
But the *Circaſian* gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to ſing.
Clarinda thus our ſong inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and higheſt lays,
But while each charm our boſom fires,
Words ſeems too few to ſound her praiſe.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint ſurpaſſes human ſkill:
Her majeſty, mix'd with the ſweet,
Let ſeraphs ſing her if they will.
Whilſt wond'ring with a raviſh'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a ſiſter of the ſky,
To whom an adoration's due.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Lochaber no more.*

FArewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,
Where heartſome with thee I've mony day been;
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more.
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Though bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Though hurricanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind.
Thou loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd,
By eaſe that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, mann plead my excuſe,
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

The auld Goodman.

LAte in an evening forth I went,
A little before the ſun ga'd down,
And there I chanc'd by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.

A man and his wife was fa'n in a ſtrife,
I canna well tell you how it began;
But ay ſhe wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a ſilly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to ſcorn;
For he did ſpend, and make an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor ſtand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winſome *John*,
His blinkin eye, and gate ſae free,
Was naething like thee, thou doſen'd drone.
His roſie face, and flaxen hair,
And a ſkin as white as ony ſwan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why doſt thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild bees I canna pleaſe,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow ſcant.
Of houſehold ſtuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of ſicklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret myſell,
To think on theſe blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay
In arms into a well-made bed;

But

But now I ſigh and may be ſad,
  Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's aſleep,
  And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night ſae dark,
  And gane was a' the light o' day;
The carl was fear'd to miſs his mark,
  And therefore wad nae langer ſtay;
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
  I trow the wife the day ſhe wan,
And ay the o'erword of the fray
  Was ever, *Alake, my auld goodman.* Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Valiant* JOCKY.

On a beautiful, but very young Lady.

BEauty from fancy takes its arms,
  And ev'ry common face ſome breaſt may move.
Some in a look, a ſhape, or air find charms,
  To juſtify their choice, or boaſt their love.
But had the great *Apelles* ſeen that face,
  When he the *Cyprian* goddeſs drew,
He had neglected all the female race,
  Thrown his firſt *Venus* by, and copied you.
    In that deſign,
    Great nature would combine
    To fix the ſtandard of her ſacred coin;
    The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
    And ſhrines been rais'd to *Seraphina*'s name.

II.

But ſince no painter e'er could take
  That face which baffles all his curious art;
And he that ſtrives the bold attempt to make,
  As well might paint the ſecrets of the heart;
O happy glaſs, I'll thee prefer,
  Content to be, like thee, inanimate,

Since

Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
A better life and motion would create.
Her eyes would inſpire,
And like *Prometheus'* fire,
At once inform the piece and give deſire,
The charming phantom I would graſp, and fly
O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
Whoſe charms are fading, and ſubmit to time;
The graces which from them it ſteals away,
It with a laviſh hand ſtills adds to thine.
The god of love in ambuſh lies,
And with his arms ſurrounds the fair,
He points his conquering arrows in theſe eyes,
Then hangs a ſharpen'd dart at every hair,
As with fatal ſkill,
Turn which way you will,
Like *Eden's* flaming ſword each way you kill;
So rip'ning years improve rich nature's ſtore,
And gives perfection to the golden ore. P.

Laſs with a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a laſs with a lump of land,
And we for life ſhall gang the gither,
Though daſt or wiſe, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it makſna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And bloom alane is na worth a ſhilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Gin love turn dowſ, it will find pleaſure.

Laugh

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, though bonny, to meddle,
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

The Shepherd Adonis.

THE shepherd *Adonis*
Being weary'd with sport,
He, for a retirement,
To the woods did resort.
He threw by his club,
And he laid himself down;
He envy'd no monarch,
Nor wish'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,
And he ate frae the tree,
Himself he enjoy'd,
And frae trouble was free.
He wish'd for no nymph,
Though never sae fair,
Had nae love nor ambition,
And therefore no care,

III.

But as he lay thus
In an ev'ning sae clear,
A heav'nly sweet voice
Sounded fast in his ear;

Which came frae a ſhady
Green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny *Amynta*
Sat ſinging of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,
And found wha was there,
He was quite confounded
To ſee her ſae fair:
He ſtood like a ſtatue,
Not a foot cou'd he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him;
But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph ſhe beheld him
With a kind modeſt grace,
Seeing ſomething that pleas'd her
Appear in his face,
With bluſhing a little
She to him did ſay,
Oh ſhepherd! what want ye,
How came you this way?

VI.

His ſpirits reviving,
He to her reply'd,
I was ne'er ſae ſurpris'd
At the ſight of a maid,
Until I beheld thee
From love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive,
My faireſt, by thee.

Z.

The

The Complaint.

To B. I. G.

To the tune of, *When absent*, &c.

When absent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain shake of the chains I wear;
But whilst I strive these to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd fancy day and night
Fairer and fairer represents
Belinda form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cause of my complaints,

All day I wander through the groves,
And sighing hear from ev'ry tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle sleep with balmy wings
To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thousand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting smiles and killing air
Appears the cause of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her sweets with thirling joy,
Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er transport and desire;
My pulse beats high, my cheek appears
All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myself I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
I scarcely look or move a man.

The young Lass *contra* auld Man.

THE carl he came o'er the croft,
And his beard new shav'n,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The carl trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
For a' his beard new shav'n,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A siller broach he gae me nieſt,
To fasten on my curchea nooked.
I wor'd a wee upon my breast,
But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And sae may his, I winna hae him,
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has na fault but ane;
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But wae's me for him! skine and bane
Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
What signifies his dirty riggs,
And cash, without a man with them.

Gif shou'd my cankard dady gar
Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their station.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

Virtue

VIRTUE and WIT,

The Preſervatives of Love and Beauty.

To the tune of, *Killikranky*.

HE.

CONfeſs thy love, fair bluſhing maid,
For ſince thine eye's conſenting,
Thy ſafter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And na ſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
With words thy wiſh denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
Make love a ſacred bleſſing,
Then happily that time is ſpent,
That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,
I'll be nae mair a rover;
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you deſign, by nature's law,
Is fleeting inclination,
That *Willy Wiſp* bewilds us a'
By its infatuation.
When that goes out, careſſes tire,
And love's na mair in ſeaſon,
Syne weakly we blow up the fire,
With all our boaſted reaſon.

HE.

The beauties of inferior caſt
May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms, like thine, maun always laſt,
Where wit has the protection.

Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,
Make beauty rise the sweeter;
The longer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow completer.

SONG.

To the tune of, *The happy Clown.*

IT was the charming month of *May*,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
Sweet *Chloe*, chaste and fair,

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
To breathe a purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mien,
Her handsome shape, and dress so clean,
She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
Dreſt in her best array.

The gentle winds, and purling stream,
Assay'd to whisper *Chloe*'s name,
The savage beasts, till then ne'er tame,
Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might see,
Perch'd all around her on a tree,
With notes of sweetest melody
They act a chearful part.

The dull slaves on the toilsome plow,
Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
A glad subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their heart.

The

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,
And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
And *Forth* that foam'd and roar'd ere while,
Glides calmly down and smooth as oil,
Through all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazie numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring;
All frisk and dance, if she but sing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind *Phœbus* now began to rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bough she lays,
And all her glory she displays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And skipp'd into the wood. X.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.

BAlow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,
Make beauty rise the sweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
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Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st, then sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth,
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courtesy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.
Balow, my boy,, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young mens flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Now much my babe lies in my arms,
Balow, my boy, &c.

I have my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,

And

And lull my young ſon on my lap,
From me, ſweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliſs exil'd.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whoſe greateſt grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deſerved ſmart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For too ſoon truſting lateſt finds,
With faireſt tongues are falſeſt minds.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftleſs ſon has play'd,
Of vows and oaths, forgetful he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curſe and mine
Make him eat acorns with the ſwine.
Balow, my boy, &c.

But curſe not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorſe, is bleſſing thee:
Perhaps at death; for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By ſome proud foe has ſtruck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were into the bounds
Where he lies ſmother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet ſo fiercely ſet,
But ſhe'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's ſake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My ſmock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-ſheet.

Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a sum.
God grant thee patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A haplefs fate, a bastard's name.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

She raise and loot me in.

THE night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in *Nelly*'s eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood asham'd;
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy;
I knew no greater blessing,
So bless'd a man was I.
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd rise and let me in.

But

But ah! at last she prov'd with bairn,
And sighing sat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin:
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again,
And now she thanks the happy time
That e'er she loot me in. Z.

SONG.

If love's a sweet passion.

IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain!
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And, by passionate silence, I make my love known,
But oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love,
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.
How pleasing is beauty? how sweet are the charms?
How delightful embraces? how peaceful her arms?
Sure there is nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HOneſt man, *John Ochiltree:*
Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree,*
Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake, I wont to do!
Ohon, ohon! I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae ſilly auld John Ochiltree.
Honeſt man, *John Ochiltree;*
Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree:*
Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whoſt and hirple o'er my tree,
My bonny moor powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways! *John Ochiltree,*
For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade ſae faſt by ſea and land;
And wadna keep a bridle hand;
Thou'd tine the beaſt, thy ſell wad die,
My ſilly auld *John Ochiltree.*
Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee ſing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For thoughts maun now my life ſuſtain.
Gae thy ways, *John* Ochiltree:
Hae done! it has nae ſa'r wi' me.
I'll ſet the beaſt in throw the land,
She'll may be ſa' in a better hand,
Even ſit thou there, and drink thy fill,
Yet I'll do as I wont to do ſtill.

Z.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Jenny beguil'd the webster.*

The auld chorus.

Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fear me.
I'm laith to lie a' night my lane,
And Johny's *bed sae near me,*

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Though I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep
I start and dream of *Johny*.
When *Johny* then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your consent,
For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
For shame and skaith's the clink o't,
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
With haunches sow, and een see blew,
To a' the bedrals bingeing.

Had *Eppy*'s apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town;
Alake how can she mend it?
Now *Tom* maun face the minister,
And she maun mount the pillar:
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk has nae siller.

Now had ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
Replied the kindly mithe[illegible]
Get *Johny*'s hand in hal[illegible]
Syne wap your we[illegible]

I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part discreetly;
And prove a wife will gar his life
And barrel run right sweetly.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen,*

OF all the birds whose tuneful throats
Do welcome in the verdant spring,
I far prefer the *Stirling*'s notes,
And think she does most sweetly sing.
Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird
Brought from the far *Canary* coast,
Nor can the nightingale afford,
Such melody as she can boast.

When *Phœbus* southward darts his fires,
And on our plains he looks ascance,
The nightingale with him retires,
My *Stirling* makes my blood to dance
In spite of *Hyems*' nipping frost,
Whether the day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her health entoast,
Who makes it summer all the year?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,
I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy breast;
And if you'll take my honest word,
As sacred as before the priest,
I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various ways to pleasure thee,
The velvet fog thou wilt despise,
When on the *downy hills with me.*

T. R.

SONG.

To its own tune.

IN *January* laſt,
On Munanday at morn,
As through the fields I paſt,
To view the winter-corn,
I looked me behind,
And ſaw come o'er the know,
And glancing in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow.

I ſaid, Good-morrow, fair maid;
And ſhe right courteouſly
Return'd a beck, and kindly ſaid,
Good day, ſweet Sir, to you.
I ſpear'd, my dear, how far awa
Do ye intend to gae?
Quoth ſhe, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

HE.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have ſic company;
For I'm ganging ſtraight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I ſaid to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiſs your bonny mou?

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee miſtane;
For I am nane of theſe,
I hope ye ſome mair breeding ken,
To ruffle womens claiſe:
For may be I have choſen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kiſs my bonny mou'.

HE.

HE

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to say:
Rather than be rejected,
I'll gie o'er the play;
And chuse anither will respect
My love and on me rew;
And let me clasp her round the neck,
And kiss her bonny mou'.

SHE.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And faith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say:
For women in their modesty,
At first they winna bow;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

SONG.

To the tune of, *I'll never leave the.*

ONE day I heard *Mary* say,
How shall I leave thee?
Dearest *Adonis*, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou should leave me,
I'll live and die for thy sake:
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
How *Mary* deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
Your love, that has griev'd thee?

My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
  Thou may believe me.
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
  And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
  What can relieve thee?
Can *Mary* thy anguish sooth!
  This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
  Never deceive thee:
Delight shall drive pain away,
  Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
  How shall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me sad,
  I'll never leave the.
Where would my *Adonis* fly?
  Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
  If I should leave thee.

Sleepy Body, Drowsy Body.

S*Omnolente, quæso, repente*
  Vigila, vive, me tange.
Somnolente, quæso, repente
Vigila, vive, me tange.

Cum me ambiebas,
  Videri solebas
Amoris negotiis aptus;
At factus maritus,
  In lecto sopitus,
Somno es, hand amore, tu captus.

O sleepy body,
  And drowsy body,
O wilt thou waken, and turn thee:

To drivel and draunt,
While I figh and gaunt,
Gives me good reafon to fcorn thee.

When thou fhouldft be kind,
Thou turns fleepy and blind,
And fnotters and fnores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowfy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee. Q.

General LESLY's March to Longmarfton Moor.

MArch, march,
Why the d— do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order,
Front about, ye mufketeers all,
Till ye come to the *Englifh* border,
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True gofpel to maintain,
The parliament blyth to fee us a' coming.
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae *Popifh* relics and a' fic innovations,
That a' the warld may fee,
There's nane i' the right but we,
Of the auld *Scotifh* nation.
Jenny fhall wear the hood,
Jockey the fark of GOD;
And the kift fou of whiftles,
That makes fic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw,
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it,
Buck up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c. Z.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

HE.

A Dieu, for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains,
Dear *Nelly*, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages, while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reaſon thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away;
Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reaſon unhappy, is owing to fate
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then, *Johny*, be counſel'd na langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

HE.

O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way,
To fondneſs which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear witneſs, ye ſtreams, and witneſs, ye flowers,
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of,

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow;
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while laverocks sing the morning:
There learn frae turtles to prove true;
O *Bell*, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes *Flora* yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastilie they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny *Bell*,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of smiles, I ask na mair,
Since now my bonny *Bell*'s consenting.

Corn-riggs are Bonny.

MY *Patie* is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His

His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's ſtately in his wawking;
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe;
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtely ſhould be granting;
Then I'll comply, and marry *Pate*,
And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

CROMLET'S Lilt.

SInce all thy vows, falſe maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To ſad deſpair,
Into ſome wilderneſs,
My grief I will expreſs,
And thy hard-heartedneſs,
O cruel fair,

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree,
In yonder ſpreading groves,
Tho' falſe thou be?

Was not a ſolemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Conſtant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful ſhade,
Where neither ſun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I ſigh and rave,
Becauſe thou doſt behave
So faithleſsly.

Wild fruit ſhall be my meat,
I'll drink the ſpring,
Cold earth ſhall be my ſeat:
For covering.
I'll have the ſtarry ſky
My head to canopy,
Until my ſoul on high
Shall ſpread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I deſire,
Nor obſequies:
The courteous *Red-breaſt* he
With leaves will cover me,
And ſing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghoſt I am,
I'll viſit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whoſe cruelty
Has kill'd the kindeſt heart
That e'er felt *Cupid*'s dart,
And never can deſert
From loving thee,

X.

SONG.

SONG.

We'll a' to KELSO go.

AN I'll awa to bonny *Tweed* ſide,
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine,
Gif ſae he incline,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

While young and fair
I'll make it my care,
To ſecure myſel in a jo;
I'm no ſic a fool
To let my blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead *apes* below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daſtly ſay, no,
Gae on with your ſtrain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead *apes* below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious
That beauties upon us beſtow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for a ſhow.

'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up your coats,
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,

Where ſhe that's bonny
May catch a *Johny*,
And never lead *apes* below.

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

An old ballad.

'TWas at the fearful midnight-hour,
When all were faſt aſleep,
In glided *Margaret*'s grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William*'s feet.

Her face was pale like *April* morn;
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek;
Juſt op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early pime;
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake!—ſhe cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret fears of night,
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
  Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
  And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay, my face was fair,
  And yet that face forſake?
How could you win that virgin-heart,
  Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
  And not that promiſe keep?
Why ſaid you, that my eyes were bright,
  Yet left theſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſwear, my lip was ſweet,
  And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
  Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
  Theſe lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
  And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
  This winding-ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
  Till that laſt morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
  A long and late adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
  That dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
  And rais'd her gliſt'ring head;
Pale *William* quak'd in ev'ry limb;
  Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
  Where *Margaret*'s body lay,
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf
  That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret*'s name,
  And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
  And word ſpoke never more.

D. M.

The Complaint.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
  The Weſtern cloud was lin'd with gold:
Clear was the ſky, the wind was ſtill,
  The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the ſilence of the grove,
Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe,
  From the hard rock or oozy beech;
Who from each weed that barren grows,
  Expects the grape or downy peach;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
  No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, or gardens fair,
  A woman's venal heart to gain,
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole eſtate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
  Since womens hearts are bought and ſold!
They aſk no vows of ſacred truth;
  When'er they ſigh, they ſigh to gold.
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove;—
Thus I am ſcorn'd,—who have but love.

To buy the gems of *India*'s coaſt,
  What wealth, what riches would ſuffice?
Yet *India*'s ſhore could never boaſt

The

The luſtre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap muſt prove;
Can I then buy?—who have but love.

Then, *Mary*, ſince nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter ſelf compare,
Be juſt as fair, and value more,
Than gems or ore, a heart ſincere:
Let treaſure meaner beauties prove;
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love. X.

SONG.

To the tune of *Montroſe's lines*.

I Toſs and tumble thro' the night,
And wiſh th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkneſs yields to light,
I'll baniſh care away:
But when the glorious ſun doth riſe,
And chear all nature round,
All thoughts of pleaſure in me dies;
My cares do ſtill abound.

My tortur'd and uneaſy mind
Bereaves me of my reſt;
My thoughts are to all pleaſure blind,
With care I'm ſtill oppreſt.
But had I her within my breaſt,
Who gives me ſo much pain,
My raptur'd ſoul would be at reſt,
And ſofteſt joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
Bleſs'd with fair *Venus'* charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring *Jupiter*
In fair *Alcmena*'s arms:
Paris, with *Helen*'s beauty bleſs'd,
Wou'd be a jeſt to me;
If of her charms I were poſſeſs'd,
Thrice happier wou'd I be.

But ſince the gods do not ordain
  Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainſt their will repine,
  Who rule my deſtiny.
With ſprightly wine I'll drown my care,
  And cheriſh up my ſoul;
Whene'er I think on my loſt fair,
  I'll drown her in the bowl. I. H. *Jamaica.*

The Deceiver.

With tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
  Young *Watty* wan my heart;
A blyther lad ye cou'dna ſee,
  All beauty without art.
  His winning tale
  Did ſoon prevail
To gain my fond belief;
  But ſoon the ſwain
  Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
  And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' *Colin* courts with tuneful ſang,
  Yet few regard his mane:
The laſſes a' round *Watty* thrang,
  While *Colin*'s left alane:
  In *Aberdeen*
  Was never ſeen
A lad that gave ſic pain.
  He daily wooes,
  And ſtill purſues,
Till he does all, till he does all,
  Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he has gain'd the bliſs,
  Away then does he run,
And hardly will afford a kiſs,
  To ſilly me undone:
  Bonny *Katy*,
  Maggy, *Beatty*,

Avoid

Avoid the roving ſwain;
His wily tongue
Be ſure to ſhun,
Or you like me, or you like me,
Like me will be undone. Z.

SWEET SUSAN.

To the tune of, *Leader-haughs.*

I.

THE morn was fair, ſaft was the air,
All nature's ſweets were ſpringing;
The buds did blow with ſilver dew,
Ten thouſand birds were ſinging:
When on the bent, with blyth content,
Young *Jamie* ſang his marrow,
Nae bonnier laſs e'er trod the graſs,
On *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow.*

II.

How ſweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heavenly beauty's planted;
Her ſmiling een, and comely mien
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bleſs my bonny marrow;
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
My mind ſhall ken nae ſorrow.

III.

Yet tho' ſhe's fair, and has full ſhare
Of every charm inchanting,
Each good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny laſs! have but the grace
To think, e'er ye gae furder,
Your joys maun ſlit, if ye commit
The crying ſin of murder,

My

IV.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And night and day affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joys shall borrow:
Thus none shall be more bless'd than we
On *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.

V.

O sweetest *Sue*! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom:
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

COWDON-KNOWS.

WHen summer comes, the swains on *Tweed*
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on *Cowdon-knows*;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*
Could play with half such art.
He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,
The hills and dales all round,
Of *Leader-haughs*, and *Leader-side*,
Oh! how I bless the sound.

Yet

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on *Cowdon-knows*;
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not *Teviot* braes so green and gay
May with his broom compare,
Not *Yarrow* banks in flow'ry *May*,
Nor the bush aboon *Traquair*.

More pleasing far are *Cowdon-knows*,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At even among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where *Tweed* with *Teviot* flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd *Cowdon-knows*. C.

SANDY and BETTY.

S*Andy* in *Edinburgh* was born,
As blyth a lad as e'er gade thence:
Betty did *Staffordshire* adorn
With all that's lovely to the sense.

Had *Sandy* still remain'd at hame,
He had not blinkt on *Betty*'s smile;
For why, he caught the gentle flame
On this side *Tweed* full many a mile.

She, like the fragrant violet,
Still flourish'd in her native mead:
He, like the stream, improving yet
The further from his fountain-head.

The stream must now no further stray;
A fountain fix'd by *Venus*' power
In his clear bosom, to display
The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

when

When gracious *Anna* did unite
  Two jarring nations into one,
She bade them mutually unite,
  And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year
  The *rose* and *thistle* bear one stem:
The *thistle* be the *rose*'s spear,
  The *rose* the *thistle*'s diadem.

The queen of *Britain*'s high decree,
  The queen of love is bound to keep;
Anna the sovereign of the sea,
  Venus the daughter of the deep. W. B.

ODE.

To Mrs A. R.

Tune of *Love's goddess in a myrtle grove.*

NOW spring begins her smiling round,
  And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice:
The lovely *graces* hand in hand
Knit fast in love's eternal band.
With early step, at morning-dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where e'er the youthful *sisters* move,
They fire the soul to genial love:
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country-bride;
While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
Each bird his feather'd consort wooes:
Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
Her various gifts to every field.

The

The fertile trees, a lovely ſhow!
With ruby-tinctur'd birth ſhall glow;
Sweet ſmells from beds of lilies born
Perfume the breezes of the morn;
The ſmiling day and dewy night
To rural ſcenes my fair invite;
With ſummer-ſweets to feaſt her eye,
Yet ſoon, ſoon, will the ſummer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' inſtructive ſhow.
Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flouriſh of thy years:
The lovely bud ſhall ſoon diſcloſe
To every eye the bluſhing roſe;
Now, now the tender ſtalk is ſeen
With beauty freſh, and ever green.

But when the ſunny hours are paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt;
Let not the flatt'rer hope perſuade,
Ah! muſt I ſay, that it will fade?
For ſee the ſummer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Now winter from the frozen north
Drives ſwift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains
Fair *Tweda*'s ſilver ſtream conſtrains.
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of *Yare*:
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſs'd o'er ev'ry with'ring green;
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee
A ſnowy wreath to clothe each tree.

Frequenting now the ſtream no more,
Thou flies, diſpleas'd, the frozen ſhore,
When thou ſhalt miſs the flowers that grew
But late, to charm thy raviſh'd view;

Then

Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade:
Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou say,
Be like to this some other day?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the fields is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant sun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not lose, but change our joy:
Happy! abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards,
In cities thus with witty friends
In smiles the hoary season ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire, and age severe
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,
Ah! must they ever cease to charm?
Or is there left some *pleasing art*
To keep secure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare:
Though *ecstasy* with *beauty* flies,
Esteem is born when *beauty* dies.
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee;
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

HORACE.

HORACE, Book I. Ode 11.

To W. D.

Tune of *Willy was a wanton-wag.*

WIlly, ne'er inquire what end
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the ſearch, that but beſtows
The knowledge of our future woes!
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate aſſigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and inchanting wives.

The preſent years in mirth employ,
And conſecrate thy youth to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old ſcore
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this ſhall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,
No more with *Home* the dance to lead;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's ſacred to the genial hour,
In flowing wine ſtill warm thy ſoul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold, the flying hour is loſt,
For time rides ever on the poſt,
Even while we ſpeak, even while we think,
And waits not for the ſtanding drink.

Collect thy joys each preſent day,
And live in youth, while beſt you may;
Have all your pleaſures at command,
Nor truſt one day in fortune's hand.
Then, *Willy*, be a wanton wag,
If ye wad pleaſe the laſſes braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

The

The Widow.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her you manna be blate,
Speak well, and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of every thing lovely, ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd you wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
With naething, but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport with the widow, my laddie?

Then till'er, and kill'er with courteſie dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The Highland Lassie.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're ſour and unco ſaucy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind
Like my good-humour'd highland laſſie.
O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
My hearty ſmiling highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

Than

Than only lass in borrows town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak my *Katy* but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O *my bonny*, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O *my bonny*, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My lovely smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Jocky blyth and gay.

BLyth *Jocky* young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;

He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis ſummer all the year.

When I and *Jocky* met
First on the flow'ry dale,
Right ſweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.
You are the laſs, ſaid he,
That ſtaw my heart frae me;
O eaſe me of my pain,
And never ſhaw diſdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth
His love and courteſie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he firſt ſpake to me.
His ſuit I ill deny'd,
He kiſs'd, and I comply'd:
Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when *Jocky* glooms,
But when he ſmiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, ſigh, and faint:
What laſs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind?

Had away from me, Donald.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, *Jenny*;

Sic

Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
  Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, *Jenny*;
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
  That ought sall alter me, *Jenny*;
For you're the mistress of my mind,
  Whate'er you think of me, *Jenny*.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
  You seem'd to favour me, *Jenny*;
But now, alas! you act a part
  That speaks unconstancy, *Jenny*;
Unconstancy is sic a vice,
  'Tis not befitting thee, *Jenny*;
It suits not with your virtue nice
  To carry sae to me, *Jenny*.

Her Answer.

O Had away, had away,
  Had away frae me, *Donald*;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
  It is not meet for me, *Donald*;
Some fickle mistress you may find
  Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;
To ilka swain she wilt prove kind,
  And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a heart that's naething such,
  'Tis fill'd with honesty, *Donald*;
I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
  I hate all levity, *Donald*.
Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend,
  Your heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
For words of falsehood I'll defend,
  A roving love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must own
  I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
Apparent worth and fair renown
  Made me believe you true, *Donald*;

Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me, *Donald*;
But now, the mask fallen aff, I scorn
To ware a thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away from me, *Donald*;
Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, *Donald*;
For I'll reserve myself for ane,
For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;
If sic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, *Donald*.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
Has only tald a lie, *Jenny*;
To try thy truth, and make us sport,
The tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
Then come away to me, *Donald*;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent
That I have smil'd on the, *Donald*.

Todlen butt, and todlen ben.

WHen I've a sixpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But wy when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame.
Coudna my loove come todlen hame?

Fair

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me.
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame. Z.

The Auld Man's best Argument.

To the tune of *Widow, are ye wawkin?*

O Wha's that at my chamber-door?
"Fair widow, are ye wawking?"
Auld carl, your suit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tawking.
Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an *April* meadow;
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
And bosom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in,
"I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,
"And come of a right gentle kin,
"I'm little mair than fifty."

Dast carl, dit your mouth,
What signifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth?
In love you're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
"That powerfully plead clinkan,
"And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,
"And nae mair love will think on."
These court indeed, I maun confess,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can express
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

The peremptor Lover.

To the tune of, *John Anderson, my jo.*

'Tis not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my breast or brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No smoothed sight, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let *Platonics* play such pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love, at least, I will have thanks,
And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let our actions be as free,
As virtue will allow.

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll constant be;
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn assoon as you.

Since our affections well ye know,
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Unconstancy abhor,
Or, by great *Cupid*'s deity,
I'll never love you more.

Q.

What's that to you?

To the tune of, *The glancing of her apron.*

MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
The live-lang summer-day,
Till we almost were spoil'd
At making of the hay:
Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow,
I whisper'd something in her ear;
But what's that to you?

Her stockings were of *Kersey* green,
As tight as ony silk:
O sic a leg was never seen,
Her skin was white as milk:
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou,
Oh! *Jeany* daintilie can kiss;
But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine,
To make my *Jeany* fair,
There is nae benniton like mine,
I have amaist nae care;

Only I fear my *Jeany*'s face
May cause mae men to rue,
And that may gar me say, alas?
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart shall swear,
For ever to be true.

King *Solomon* had wives enow,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliss mair true,
His joys were short of mine;
And *Jeany*'s happier than they,
She seldom wants her due,
All debts of love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

Q.

SONG.

To the absent FLORINDA.

To the tune of, *Queen of Sheba's March.*

COme, *Florinda*, lovely charmer,
Come and fix this wav'ring heart;
Let those eyes my soul rekindle,
Ere I feel some foreign dart.

Come, and with thy smiles secure me,
If this heart be worth thy care,
Favour'd by my dear *Florinda*,
I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breast assail;

Come

Come and take me to thy bosom,
Ere my constant passion fail.

Come, and, like the radiant morning,
On my soul serenely shine,
Then those glimmering stars shall vanish,
Lost in splendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleasing pain,
Come, and with an equal passion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,
If our souls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal SONG.

To the tune of, *Auld Sir Symon the king.*

COme here's to the nymph that I love!
Away, ye vain sorrows away:
Far, far from me, sorrows, begone,
All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
Come fill up the glasses around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain sorrows are drown'd,

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
With every gay blooming desire.
My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,

I'd

I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt, idle pensive intruder,—
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come, give me a bumper;
Young *Cupid*, here's to thy confusion.—
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly god *Bacchus*, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
Sing Io, sing Io to *Bacchus*—
Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial?
Come tune up your voices and sing;
What soul is so dull to be heavy,
When wines sets our fancies on wing?

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,
Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are sailing,
I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this?
Thro' *Chaos'* dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now,—oh my head it is knockt
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a star,
Where am I!—behold the *Empyreum*,
With flaming light streaming from far.

I. W. Q.

To

To Mrs. A. C.

A SONG.

To the tune of, *All in the downs.*

WHen beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the lark, with riſing light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning ſhines, harmonious birds mount hie:
The dawning beauty ſmiles, and poets fly.

Young *Annie*'s budding graces claim
Th' inſpired thought, and ſofteſt lays;
And kindle in the breaſt a flame,
Which muſt be vented in her praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle ſhepherds, have you ſeen
E'er one ſo like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and ſmiles the graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy neck and breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt every caution prove:
When ſuch inchanting ſweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded ſwain muſt yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such flames the foppiſh butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The eagle's only fit to view the ſun.

She's as the op'ning lily fair;
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilſt heaven indulgent makes her ſhare
With angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether

Whether ſhe love the rural ſcenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The muſe unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her name.

A Paſtoral Song.

To the tune of, *My apron, deary.*

JAMIE.

WHile our flocks are a-feeding,
And we're void of care,
Come, *Sandy*, let's tune
To praiſe of the fair:
For, inſpir'd by my *Suſie*,
I'll ſing in ſuch lays,
That *Pan*, were he judge,
Muſt allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn
We lie at our eaſe,
By a muſical ſtream,
And refreſh'd by the breeze
Of a zephyr ſo gentle,
Yet, *Jamie*, I'll try
For to match you and *Suſie*,
Dear *Katie* and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my *Suſie* ſo lovely,
She's without compare,
She's ſo comely, ſo good,
And ſo charmingly fair:
Sure, the gods were at pains
To make ſo complete
A nymph, that for love
There was ne'er one ſo meet.

SANDY.

Oh my *Katie*'s so bright,
She's so witty and gay;
Love, join'd with the graces,
Around her looks play.
In her mien she's so graceful,
In her humour so free:
Sure the gods never fram'd
A maid fairer than she.

JAMIE.

Had my *Susie* been there,
When the *Shepherd* declar'd
For the lady of *Lemnos*,
She had lost his regard:
And o'ercome by a presence
More beauteously bright,
He had own'd her outdone,
As the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair *Helen* of *Greece*,
Nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties,
Or those poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,
Whose every sweet charm
May conquer best judges,
And coldest hearts warm,

JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,
Or any thing great,
Do I ask of the gods,
But that this be my fate,
That my *Susie* to all
My kind wishes comply:
For with her wou'd I live,
And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

If the fates give me *Katie*,
And her I enjoy,
I have all my desires;
Nought can me annoy:
For my charmer has every
Delight in such store,
She'll make me more happy
Than swain e'er before.

Love will find out the way.

OVer the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves:
Over the floods that are deepest,
Which do *Neptune* obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie;
Where there is no space
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay:
But if love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may chain him
A chain in her force;
Or you may cage him
A cottage, which is worse:
But she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a watch upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some

Some think to lose him,
  Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
  Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
  Do the best that ye may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
  He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
  To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
  The phœnix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
  To give o'er her prey:
But you'll never stop a lover,
  He will find out his way.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Throw the wood, laddie.*

As early I walk'd, on the first of sweet *May*,
  Beneath a steep mountain,
  Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
Whilst the *Echo* resounded the dolorous lay.

I listen'd, and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
  With aspect distressed,
  And spirits oppressed,
Seem'd clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,
And thus he discovered how he strove with his pain.

Tho' *Elisa* be coy, why shou'd I repine,
  That a maid much above me,
  Vouchsafes not to love me?
In her high sphere of worth I never could shine;
Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?

No:

No: henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,
And, in due subjection,
Retain warm affection;
To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,
And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
Then quiet returning,
Shall hush my sad mourning;
And, lord of myself, in absolute rest,
I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected,
Tho' love is rejected:
Elisa shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo
With prosp'rous endeavour,
And gain her dear favour,
Know, as well as I, what t' *Elisa* is due,

When I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,
Sweet liberty tasting,
On calmest peace feasting,
Employing my reason to dry up my tears,
In hopes of heaven's blisses, I'll spend my few years.

Ye powers, that preside o'er virtuous love,
Come aid me with patience,
To bear my vexations;
With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,
With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
May courage protect me,
And prudence direct me;
Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,
Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

Rox's

ROB'S JOCK. A very auld ballad.

ROb's *Jock* came to woo our *Jenny*,
One ae feast-day when were fou;
She brankit fast and made her bonny,
And said, *Jock*, come ye here to woo?
She burnist her baith breast and brow,
And made her cleer as ony cloak:
Then spake her dame, and said, I trou
Ye come to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock*.

Jock said, Forsuith, I yern fu' fain
To lurk my head, and sit down by you:
Then spak her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gi'e you.
Tehie! quo' *Jenny*, kick, kick, I see you:
Minny, yon man makes but a mock.
Deil hae the liers—fu lies me o' you,
I come to woo your *Jenny*, quo' *Jock*.—

My bairn has tocher of her awin:
A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,
A bakbread and a bannock-stane;
A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
A kame but a kaming-stock;
With coags and luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock*.

A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
A milsie, and a sowen pail,
A rousty whittle to shear the kail,
And a timber mell the bear to knock,
Twa shelfs made of an auld fir-dale:
Come ye to woo our *Jenny Jock*?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
A tub, a barrow, and a sack,
A spurtil-braid, and an elwand,

Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,
And cry'd a feast! and slew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land,
Now I have got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I have your daughter marri'd,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
It's well kend I have gear enough:
Ane auld gaw'd gloyd fell o'er a heugh,
A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
Withouten owsen I have a pleugh:
May that no ser your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A treen truncher, a ram horn spoon,
Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,
A graith that ganes to cobble shoon,
And a thrawcruik to twyne a teather,
Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
A pair of branks, and a fetter-lock,
A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
To had your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter-fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to clat the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
The pannel of an auld led-saddle,
And *Rob* my eem heckt me a stock,
Twa lusty lips to lick a laddle.
May thir no gane your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
A sark made of the linkome twine,
A gay green clock that will not stenzie;
Mair yet in store, I needna fenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak

Tak this for my part of the feast,
It is well knawin I am well bodin:
Ye need not say my part is least.
Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
The wife speer'd gin the kail were sodin,
When we have done, tak hame the brok;
The rost was teugh as raploch hodin,
With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

SONG.

To the tune of, *A rock and a wee pickle tow.*

I Have a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land and planting on't,
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd,
But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't;
To grace it, and trace it,
And gie me delight;
To bless me, and kiss me.
And comfort my sight,
With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
And nae mair my lane gang saunt'ring on't.

My *Christy* she's charming and good as she's fair;
Her een and her mouth are inchanting sweet,
She smiles me on fire, her frowns gie despair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou fairest, and dearest,
Delight of my mind,
Whose gracious embraces
By heaven were design'd
For happiest transports, and blesses refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny *Christy*, my shepherds and hinds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine:
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then hear me, and chear me
With ſmiling conſent,
Believe me, and give me
No cauſe to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou ſay, *Content,*
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, *and he ſhall be mine.*

SONG.

To its ain tune.

ALtho' I be but a country laſs,
Yet a loſty mind I bear—O,
And think myſell as good as thoſe
That rich apparel wear—O.
Altho' my gown be hame-ſpun grey,
My ſkin it is as ſaft—O,
As them that ſatin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft—O.

What tho' I keep my father's ſheep.
The thing that muſt be done—O,
With garlands of the fineſt flowers,
To ſhade me frae the ſun—O.
When they are feeding pleaſantly,
Where graſs and flowers do ſpring—O,
Then on a flowery bank at noon,
I ſet me down and ſing—O.

My *Paiſly* piggy, cork'd with ſage,
Contains my drink but thin—O;
No wines do e'er my brains enrage,
Or tempt my mind to ſin—O.
My country-curds, and wooden ſpoon,
I think them unco fine—O,
And on a flowery bank at noon,
I ſet me down and dine—O.

Altho' my parents cannot raiſe
Great bags of ſhining gold—O,
Like them whoſe daughters, now a-days,
Like ſwine are bought and ſold—O;

Yet

Yet my fair body it ſhall keep
An honeſt heart within—O;
And for twice fifty thouſand crowns,
I value not a prin—O.

I uſe nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor ſhining rings upon my hands,
My fingers ſtraight to deck—O;
But for that lad to me ſhall ſa,'
And I have grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead—O.

If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O,
Expecting for a bleſſing ſtill
Deſcending from above—O.
Then we'll embrace, and ſweetly kiſs,
Repeating tales of love—O. Z.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-ſide,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree,
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brak.
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning-dew.
O wherefore ſhould I buſk my head?
Or wherefore ſhou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never love me mair.

Now, *Arthur Seat* ſhall be my bed,
The ſheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
Saint *Anton*'s well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true love has forſaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemency:
'Tis not ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by *Glaſgow* town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I myſell in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd,
That love had been ſae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a caſe of gold,
And pinn'd it with a ſilver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee,
And I myſell were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be. Z.

The loving Laſs and Spinning-Wheel.

AS I ſat at my ſpinning wheel,
A bonny lad was paſſing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For trouth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

With looks all kindneſs he drew near,
And ſtill mair lovely did appear;

And

And round about my ſlender waſte
He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiſs my hand, ſyne down did kneel,
As I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and ſmall,
And ſaid, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
Theſe words into my heart did ſteal,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

Altho' I ſeemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But ſtill declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded ſair:
That I my love cou'd ſcarce conceal,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my ſpinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them all with ſpeed,
And gang with him to yonder mead.
My yielding heart ſtrange flames did feel,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whiſper'd, Riſe, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In truth I loo'd the motion wheel.
And loot alane my ſpinning-wheel.

Amang the pleaſant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay;
What laſſie, young and ſaft as I,
Cou'd ſic a handſome lad deny?
Theſe pleaſures I cannot reveal,
That far ſurpaſt the ſpinning-wheel.

On the Marriage of the R. H. LordG— and Lady K— C—.

A SONG.

To the tune of, *The highland laddie.*

BRIGANTIUS.

NOw all thy virgin ſweets are mine,
And all the ſhining charms that grace thee;
My fair *Melinda*, come, recline
Upon my breaſt, while I embrace thee,
And tell without diſſembling art,
My happy raptures in thy boſom:
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that ſhall for ever bloſſom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the gods well pleas'd behold ye;
Their work admire, ſo great, ſo fair,
And well in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I bluſh, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in tranſport tender,
Since that ſo brave a man is mine,
To my *Brigantius* I ſurrender.
By ſacred ties I'm now to move
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my ſmiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatneſs ſhall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, *&c.*

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning-dew,
New life on blowing flowers beſtowing;
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
To heaven, with grateful ſpirit glowing.

My

My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,
Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,
As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, *&c.*

MELINDA.

With my *Brigantius* I could live
In lonely cotts, beside a mountain,
And nature's easy wants relieve
With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleases thee, the rural grove,
Or congress of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
In plains retir'd or social city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, *&c.*

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
O lovely sum of my desires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
Tune every instrument of sound,
Which all thy mind divinely raises,
Till every height and dale rebounds,
Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

CHORUS.

O the happy, *&c.*

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
My happiness is now completed,
Since all that's generous, great, and fine,
In my *Brigantius* is united;
For which I'll study thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a constant smiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, *&c.*

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

ADieu, ye pleaſant ſports and plays,
Farewell each ſong that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I ſing of *Delia* and *Damon*'s parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear, tormenting, pleaſant paſſion,
Till *Delia*'s mildneſs had prevail'd
On him to ſhew his inclination.

Juſt as the fair-one ſeem'd to give
A patient ear to his love-ſtory,
Damon muſt his *Delia* leave,
To go in queſt of toilſome glory.

Half-ſpoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the uſual meeting;
And ſighs ſupply'd their wonted ſong,
Theſe charming ſouls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my ſoul, adieu:
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me;
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other charms ſhall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?
The thought deſtroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me: H.

O'er

O'er the hills and far away.

JOcky met with *Jenny* fair,
Aft be the dawning of the day,
But *Jocky* now is fu' of care,
Since *Jenny* ſtaw his heart away:
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind;
Which gars poor *Jocky* often rue,
That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.
And *its o'er the hills and far away,*
Its o'er the hills and far away,
Its o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blown my plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bonny lad,
As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair;
But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since *Jenny* has gart him deſpair.
Young *Jocky* was a piper's ſon,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the ſprings that he cou'd play,
Was *o'er the hills and far away,*
And *its o'er the hills,,* &c.

He ſung—when firſt my *Jenny*'s face
I ſaw, ſhe ſeem'd ſae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with ſorrow kill'd.
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my deſpair,
Inſtead of that ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the winter-wind.
And *its o'er the hills,* &c.

Ah! cou'd ſhe find the diſmal wae,
That for her ſake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuſe but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief:

But

But oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my ſighs and care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud diſdain,
And takes a pleaſure in my pain.
And *its o'er the hills*, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
With ane that does ſae faithleſs prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my conſtant heart betray'd.
A thouſand times to me ſhe ſware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my grief, alake, I ſay,
She ſtaw my heart and ran away.
And *its o'er the hills*, &c.

Since that ſhe will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her ſake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, Adieu to love;
Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away. Z.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye *Jenny Nettles*,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles.
Saw ye *Jenny Nettles*,
Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a babie in her oxter?

I met ayont the kairny,
Jenny Nettles, *Jenny Nettles*,
Singing till her bairney,
Robin Rattle's baſtard;
To flee the dool upo' the ſtool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about ſeeks *Robin* out,
To ſtap it in his oxter.

By, fy! *Robin Rattle*,
Robin Rattle, *Robin Rattle*;
Fy fy! *Robin Rattle*,
Uſe *Jenny Nettles* kindly:
Score out the blame, and ſhun the ſhame,
And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wean, make *Jenny* fain
The leel and leeſome gate o't.

JOCKY'S fou, and JENNY'S fain.

Jocky fou, *Jenny* fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
She was couthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at ony price;
I winna prig for red or whyt,
Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others ſeek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;
Give me love, for her I court:
Love in love makes a' the ſport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang ſinſyne,
Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy firſt approve.

It is na meat; but appetite
That makes our eating a delyt;
Beauty is at best deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat. Q.

Leader-Haughs, and Yarrow.

When *Phœbus* bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams and silver streams,
Are *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then *Flora* queen, with mantle green,
Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with *Ceres* sell
In *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, Good-morrow.
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
Than *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

An *house* there stands on *Leader* side,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
Like *Dedalus'* contriving:

Men

Men passing by, do often cry,
  In sooth it hath na marrow;
It stands as sweet on *Leader* side,
  As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
  They'll hear the mavis singing;
In St *Leonard*'s banks she'll bide,
  Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging:
The Lintwhite loud, and Progne proud,
  With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St *Leonard*'s banks they sing,
  As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
  With nimble wing she sporteth.
But vows she'll flee far frae the tree
  Where *Philomel* resorteth:
By break of day, the lark can say,
  I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll streek my wing, and mounting sing,
  O'er *Leader-Haughs*, and *Yarrow*.

Park, *Wanton-waws*, and *Wooden cleugh*,
  The east and western *Mainses*,
The wood of *Lauder*'s fair enough,
  The corns are good in *Blainshes*,
Where aits are fine, and fald be kind,
  That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are
Than *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Whitslade* shaws,
  The fearful hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and *Braid-woodsheil* she knaws.
  And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth.
Yet when she irks, to *Kaidsly* birks
  She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet *Leader-Haughs*,
  And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What

What ſweeter muſic wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The ſtarted hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her ſpeed relying.
But yet her ſtrength it fails at length,
Nae beilding can ſhe borrow
In *Sorrel's* field, *Cleckman* or *Hag's*,
And ſighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spotty*, *Shag*,
With ſight and ſcent purſue her,
Till ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can reſcue her.
O'er dub and dyke, o'er ſeugh and ſyke,
She'll run the fields all horow,
Till fail'd ſhe fa's in *Leader Haughs*,
And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

Sing *Erſlington* and *Cowdenknows*,
Where *Homes* had anes commanding:
And *Drygrange* with thy milk-white ews,
'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* ſtanding:
The bird that flies through *Reedapth* trees,
And *Gledſwood* banks ilk morrow,
May chant and ſing, Sweet *Leader-Haughs*,
And bonny howms of *Yarrow*.

But miniſtrel *Burn* cannot aſſwage
His grief, while life endureth,
To ſee the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth;
For mony a place ſtands in hard caſe,
Where blyth fowk kend nae ſorrow,
With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* ſide,
And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

For the ſake of Somebody.

FOR the ſake of ſomebody,
For the ſake of ſomebody,
I cou'd wake a winter-night,
For the ſake of ſomebody:

I am gawn to seek a wife,
  I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have three stane of woo,
  Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassie, say't thy sell,
  Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
  Let her flyte and syne come too:
What signifies a mither's gloom,
  When love in kisses come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
  And in simmer mak nae hay?
For the sake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
  Tho' I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
  The ha'f-mark bridal band wi' me;
I'll slip hame, and wash my feet,
  And steal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,
  To do but what my dame has done.
For the sake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives
  Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
  And doubts that gart me aft look blate;
Then let us gang and get the grace,
  For they that have an appetite
Shou'd eat;—and lovers shou'd embrace;
  If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
For the sake &c.

Norland JOCKY and Southland JENNY.

A Southland *Jenny*, that was right bonny,
Had for a suitor a norland *Johny*;

But he was ſican a baſhfu' wooer,
That he cou'd ſcarcely ſpeak unto her,
Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her ſiller,
Fore'd him at laſt to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's oe'r the moor and marry.

SHE.

Come, come away then, my norlad laddie,
Tho' we gang neatly, ſome are mair gaudy;
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
Come and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye laſſes of the ſouth, ye're a' for dreſſing;
Laſſes of the north mind milking and threſhing?
My minny wad be angry, and ſae wad my dady,
Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
For I maun hae a wife that will riſe in the morning,
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the houſe a-ſcaulding,
Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
A norland *Jocky* maun hae a norland *Jenny*.

SHE.

My father's only daughter and twenty thouſand pound,
Shall never be beſtow'd on ſic a ſilly clown;
For a' that I ſaid was to try what was in ye,
Gae hame, ye norlad *Jock*, and court your norland *Jenny*. Z.

The auld yellow-hair'd laddie.

THE yellow-haird laddie ſat down on yon brae,
Cries, Milk the ews, laſſie, let nane of them gae;
And ay ſhe milked, and ay ſhe ſang,
The yellow haird-laddie ſhall be my goodman.
And ay ſhe milked, &c

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in:
They winna bught in tho' I ſhou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me,
They winna bught in, &c.

The

The goodwife cries butt the houſe, *Jenny*, come ben,
The cheeſe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
Tho' butter, and cheeſe, and a' ſhou'd ſour,
I'll crack and kiſs wi' my love ae ha'f hour;
It's ae ha'f-hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my huſband ſhall be.

SONG.

To the tune of, BOOTH's *minuet*.

FAir, ſweet and young, receive a prize,
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crouds whom at your feet you ſee,
Oh! pity, and diſtinguiſh me.

No graces can your form improve;
But all are loſt unleſs you love:
If that dear paſſion you diſdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain. X.

Part of an EPILOGUE, *ſung after the acting of the* ORPHAN *and* GENTLE SHEPHERD *in* Taylors hall, *by a ſet of young gentlemen*, January 22. 1729.

Tune, *Beſſy Bell*.

THus let's ſtudy night and day,
To fit us for our ſtation,
That when we're men, we parts may play
Are uſeful to our nation.
For now's the time, when we are young,
To fix our views on merit,
Water its buds, and make the tongue
And actions ſuit the ſpirit.

This all the fair and wiſe approve,
We know it by your ſmiling,
And while we gain reſpect and love,
Our ſtudies are not toiling.

Such application gives delight,
And in the end proves gainful,
Tho' mony a dark and lifeless wight
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
And care, when thus employ'd,
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
When youth's by sloth destroy'd;
'Tis only active souls can rise
To fame and all that's splendid,
And favour in these conquering eyes,
'Gainst whom no heart's defended.

The generous Gentleman. A SANG.

To the tune of, *The bonny lass of Branksome.*

As I came in by *Teviot side*,
And by the braes of *Branksome*,
There first I saw my bonny bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;
Her skin was safter than the down,
And white as alabaster;
Her hair a shining wavy brown;
In straightness nane surpass'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising:
Nae silken hose, with goushets fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg, forbade to shine,
Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat and bodice white,
Was sum of a' her claithing;
Even thae's o'er meikle; mair delyte
She'd given eled wi' naithing.

She

She lean'd upon a flowry brae
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my ſaul away,
While on her ſweets I doted.

A thouſand beauties of deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And, bot deſigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt
I graſp'd this fund of bliſſes:
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, without a prieſt,
Sir, hope for nought but kiſſes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her;
What ſhe demanded, ilka charm
Of hers pled, I ſhou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noiſe of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his ſafe retreat.
Is pleaſed with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From ſtrife, from care and bus'neſs free,
At once baith good and great?

No drums diſturb his morning-ſleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noiſy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind.

No trumpets rouſe him to the war.
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
From ſtate-intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds:
Each ſeaſon of the wheeling year,
Induſtrious he improves with care;
And ſtill ſome ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver ſtream he lies,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the ſylvan ſcene he tries,
His ſpirits to regale:
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muſe,
That waits his honeſt call.

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No cares his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor does he paſs his time in toys
Beneath his juſt regard:
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To plant and ſned his tender trees:
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys the ſweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wiſh'd delight:
But O! how pleaſant is this life?
Bleſs'd with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children pratling, void of ſtrife,
Around his fire at night.

WILLY was a Wanton Wag.

Willy was a wanton wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carry'd ay the gree awa:
His doublet was of *Zetland* ſhag,
And wow! but *Willy* he was braw,
And at his ſhouder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a.'

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever *Willy* ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth gow'd;
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na *Willy* a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are ſair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted *Willy*'s wanton ſling.

Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Say's Well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing *Willy*'s ſhanks are fair,
And I 'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs, like *Willy*, ye advance;
(O! Willy has a wanton leg);
For wi't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremoſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſie dancing here,
If we want *Willy*'s wanton fling. W. W.

Celia's Reflections on herſelf for ſlighting Philander's Love.

To the tune of, *The gallant Shoemaker*.

YOung *Philander* woo'd me lang,
But I was peeviſh and forbad him,
I wadna tent his loving ſang;
But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him:
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying,
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying.
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be,
Like ſummer-fruit that is unſhaken;
When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
But five and twenty is the devil.

Juſt

Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
  Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit,
  They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
  You'll find it hard to be regained;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
  Tho' but myſell nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune you reſpect,
  Take the occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
  Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought,
  That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
  And, paſt my hope, he's gane a-ranging.
Dear maidens, then take my advice,
  And let na coyneſs prove your ruin;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
  Your ſuitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
  And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
As lang as life; and when ye die,
  With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
A puniſhment, and hated brand,
  With which nane of us are contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
  That the miſtake may be prevented.

The young Ladies Thanks to the repenting Virgin, for her ſeaſonable Advice.

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
  How many many thanks we owe you,
For pointing out to us ſae well
  Thoſe very rocks that did o'erthrow you;

And

And we your lesson sae shall mind,
That e'en tho' a' our kin had swore it,
Ere we shall be an hour behind,
We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,
And still keep out our flag and pinnet;
If young *Philander* anes assails
To storm love's fort, then he shall win it:
We may indeed, for modesty,
Present our forces for resistance;
But we shall quickly lay them by,
And contribute to his assistance,

The Stepdaughter's Relief.

To the tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well-tocher'd lass,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
My stepdame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, ha'f naked, and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine:
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, who lang time had loo'd
This bonny lass tenderly,
I'll take thee, sweet *May*, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis

'Tis only yourſell that I want,
Your kindneſs is better to me
Than a' that your ſtepmother, ſcant
Of grace, has now taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the ſprout of a laird;
But I have milk cattle enew,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard;
Ye ſhall have naithing to faſh ye,
Sax ſervants ſhall jouk to thee:
Then kiltup thy coats, my laſſie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reaſon employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiſs,
Conſented;—while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken ſtepdame,
Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

JEANY, where has thou been?

O *Jeany, Jeany*, where has thou been?
Father and mother are ſeeking of thee;
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of *Jocky* company.
O Betty, *I've been to hear the mill clack,*
Getting meal ground for the family;
As ſow as it gade I brang hame the ſack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! *Jeany, Jeany*, there's meal on your back,
The miller's a wanton billy, and ſlee;
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what reck,
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.

And

And, Betty, *ye spread your linen to bleach,*
When that was done where cou'd you be?
Ha! lass, I saw ye slip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy *was following thee.*

Ay, *Jeany*, *Jeany*, ye gade to the kirk;
But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be?
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.
O silly lassie, what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heez the hie.
Look to yourself, if Jock *prove true,*
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free. Q.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Last time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blythest lads, and lasses gay,
Hear what my sang discloses.
As I ae morning sleeping lay
Upon a bank of roses,
Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to spy me:
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And saftly sat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But with a frown my face disguis'd,
And strave away to send him:
But fondly he still nearer prest,
And by my side down lying,
His beating heart thumped sae fast,
I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
And angry passion feigning,
I aften roughly shot him by,
With words full of disdaining.

Poor

Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much discontented;
But I in truth for a' my sins
Ne'er haff sae sair repented.

X.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock laird fou cadgie,
With *Jenny* did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, *Jenny*, *Jenny*?
Thouse be my ain lemman,
Jo *Jenny*, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye maunna fail
To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a wastecoat of brown.
Awa with sic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchies and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a-year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit bear:

But

But having nae tenants,
O *Jenny, Jenny*,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The borrowſtoun merchants
Will ſell you on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Abeit they ſoud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are ſet free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth ſhe.

The Soger Laddie.

MY ſoger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
My bleſſing gang with my ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare with my ſoger laddie.

Guard him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Then frae all my care he'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſoger ye gie me.

O ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſoger laddie.

The

The Archers March.

Sound, sound the music sound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it.
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praise of archery:
Its origin divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generously incline us
To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,
By which heroes enjoyed,
By which heroes enjoyed
The wreaths of victory,
The deity of *Parnassus*,
The god of soft caresses,
Chaste *Cynthia* and her lasses,
Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended!
Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,
'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,
O'er clouds on high it glows.
All nations, *Turks* and *Parthians*,
The *Tartars* and the *Scythians*,
The *Arabs*, *Moors*, and *Indians*,
With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us
In martial archery:
With shafts our sires engaging,
Oppos'd the *Romans* raging,
Defeat the fierce *Norwegian*,
And spared few *Danes* to flee.

Witness *Largs* and *Loncartie*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*.
Roslin and *Bannockburn*,
The *Cheviots* ———— all the border,
Were bowmen in brave order,
Told enemies, if furder
They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.
Sound, sound the music, sound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praise of archery.
Us'd as a game it pleases,
The mind to joy it raises,
And throws off all diseases
Of lazy luxury.

Largs, where *Norwegians*, headed by their valiant King HACO, were, *anno* 1263, totally defeated by ALEXANDER III. King of *Scots*; the heroic Alexander, great steward of *Scotland*, commanded the right wing.

Loncartie, near *Perth*, where King KENNETH III. obtained the victory over the *Danes*, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave HAY, and his two sons.

Dunkel, here, and in *Kyle*, and on the banks of *Tay*, our great King CORBREDUS GALDUS in three battles overthrew 30, 000 *Romans* in the reign of the Emperor *Domitian*.

Aberlemny, four miles from *Brechin*, where King MALCOM II. obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of *Danes*, *Norwegians*, and *Cumbrians*, &c. commanded by SUENO King of *Denmark*, and his warlike son Prince CANUTE.

Roslin, about five miles south of *Edinburgh*, where 10, 000 *Scots*, led by Sir John CUMIN and Sir Simon FRASER, defeated in three battles in one day 30, 000 of their enemies, *anno* 1303.

The battles of *Bannockburn* and *Cheviot*, &c. are so well known, that they require no notes.

Now,

Now, now our care beguiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
With healthful harmony:
The ſun in glory glowing,
With morning-dew beſtowing,
Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
That in juſt thoughts agree,
Appear in ancient bravery,
Deſpiſing all baſe knavery,
Which tends to bring in ſlavery
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Health and proſperity
T' our great CHIEF and *Officers*,
T' our *Preſident* and *Counſellors*:
To all, who, like their brave forbears,
Delight in archery.

The following SONGS *ſung in their proper places, at acting of the* Gentle Shepherd.

SANG I. *The wawking of the faulds.*

Sung by Patie,

MY *Peggy* is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as *May*,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My *Peggy* is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair, to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My *Peggy* ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My *Peggy* ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me ſic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſs'd,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My *Peggy* ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II. Fy gar rub her o'er with ſtrae.

Sung by Patie,

DEar *Roger*, if your *Jenny* geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe;—then be not blate,
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.

When

When maidens, innocently young,
  Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
  But tent the language of their een.
If these agree, and she persist
  To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better bless'd,
  And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III. Polwart on the Green.

Sung by Peggy.

THE dorty will repent,
  If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
  Soon as her face looks auld.
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
  Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
  And's laugh'd at by the lave;
They jest it till the dinner's past:
  Thus by itsell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
  Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV. O dear Mother, what shall I do?

Sung by Jenny.

O Dear *Peggy*, love's beguiling,
  We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
  Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
  Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a life destroys
  Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG V. How can I be ſad on my wedding-day?

Sung by Peggy.

HOW ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than any of thae
Sour weak ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools?
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe,

SANG VI. Nancy's to the green wood gane.

Sung by Jenny.

I Yield, dear laſſie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love, nae thinker heeds us;
They hen our boſoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-ſtrings leads us.

SANG VII. Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

Sung by Glaud *or* Symon.

CAuld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high his ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

SANG

SANG VIII. Mucking of Geordy's Byre.

Sung by Symon.

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
To riſe aboon poverty:
Elſe, like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aſt tine their rent.

SANG IX. Carle and the King come.

Sung by Mauſe.

PEggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies thou ſhalt milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, *Peggy*, ſince the king's come.

SANG X. Winter was cauld, and my claithing was thin.

Sung by Peggy *and* Patie.

PEGGY.

WHen firſt my dear laddie gade to the green-hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet-riſing ſells,

Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me,
For nane can put, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our *Jenny* ſings ſaftly the *Cowden broom-knows*,
And *Roſie* lilts ſweetly the *Milking the ews*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like *Nancy* can ſing,
At *Throw the wood laddie*, *Beſs* gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear *Peggy* ſings with better ſkill,
The *Boat-man*, *Tweedſide*, or the *Laſs of the mill*,
'Tis many times ſweeter and pleaſing to me:
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire?
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire:
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

SANG XII. Happy Clown.

Sung by Sir William.

HID from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks;
Healthful, and innocently gay
He chants, and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſie,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unſully'd with a crime:

Unmov'd

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time,

SANG XIII. Leith-wynd.

Sung by Jenny *and* Roger.

WEre I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You shou'd nae mair complain,
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me nearhand dead!
Is *Jenny* then sae kind!———
O let me briss thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytful thought! we'll never part:
Come press thy mouth to mine.

SANG XIV. O'er Bogie.

Sung by Jenny.

WEll, I agree, you're sure of me;
Next to my father gae.
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay:

Ye you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, or learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV. Wat ye wha I met yesterreen.

Sung by Sir William.

NOW from rusticity, and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn:
As the rough diamond from the mine,
No breaking only shews its light,
Till polishing has made it shine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI. Kirk wad let me be.

Sung by Patie.

DUty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels;
For change on my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear *Peggy* excels.

SANG XVII. Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Sung by Peggy.

SPeak on, — ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When *Pate* muſt from his *Peggy* ſunder.
A gentler face, and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy *Peggy*'s boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his *Peggy*'s praiſes tell;
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rocks round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heaven, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhouldſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Through life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. Tweed-ſide.

Sung by Peggy.

WHen hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſav't for thy ſake.

Where-e'er

Where-e'er my love travels by day,
Where-ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans of *May*;
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

SANG XIX. Bush aboon *Traquair*.

Sung by Peggy.

T setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
k of heaven thy safe return,
h all that can improve thee.
k oft the birken bush,
ere first thou kindly told me
tales of love, and hid my blush,
hilst round thou didst infold me.

all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
where the summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain,

There

There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. Bonny grey-ey'd Morn.

Sung by Sir William.

THE bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

On our Ladies being dressed in Scots manufactory, at a public Assembly.

A SONG.

To the tune of, *O'er the hills and far away.*

LET meaner beauties use their art,
And range both *Indies* for their dress,
Our fair can captivate the heart
In native weeds, nor look the less.

More

More bright unborrow'd beauties shine,
The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkles with lustres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
May use the aid of gums and paint,
Deck with brocade and *Tyrian* stains
Features of ruder form and taint.
What *Caledonian* ladies wear
Or from the lint or woolen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dress may lovers cool;
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, silk or wool.
T' adore *Myrtilla* who can cease;
Her *native charms* our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
Spun by her own delighted hand.

Who can behold *Calista*'s eyes,
Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
And mind what artists can devise,
To rival more superior charms?
Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
Lawns, satins, and the velvets fade;
The soul with her attractions full,
Can never be by these betray'd.

Sapphira, all o'er native sweets,
Not the false glare of dress regards,
Her wit, her character completes,
Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.
When such first beauties lead the way,
Th' inferior rank will follow soon;
Then arts no longer shall decay,
But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions

Millions of fleeces ſhall be wove,
And flax that on the valleys blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love
And bleſs the labours of our looms,
We have enough, nor want from them,
But trifles hardly worth our care,
Yet for theſe trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to ſpare.

How happy's *Scotland* in her fair!
Her amiable daughters ſhall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recall:
Enjoying them, *Edina* ne'er
Shall miſs a court, but ſoon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the ſcenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity ſhall yield to ſenſe,
And lazy pride to uſeful arts,
When ſuch dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Bleſs'd guardians of our joys and wealth,
True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fix'd be your health,
Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

HARDYKNUTE.

A Fragment of an old heroic Ballad.

I

STately ſtept he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy years he now had ſeen,
With ſcarce ſeven years of reſt.
He liv'd when *Britons* breach of faith
Wrought *Scotland* meikle wae:
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deadly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and towers a hight,
And guidly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
His dame sae pierless anes and fair,
For chaste and beauty deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save *Elenor* the Queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout:
In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their might,
And hie was their command,

IV.

Great love they bare to *Fairly* fair,
Their sister saft and deir,
Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
And gowden glist her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred?
Waefou to young and auld:
Waefou I trou to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

V.

The king of *Norse* in summer-tide,
Puft up with power and might,
Landed in fair *Scotland* the isle,
With mony a hardy knight:
The tidings to our gude *Scots* King
Came as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the blude-red wyne.

VI.

" To horſe, to horſe, my royal liege,
" Your faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
" Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
" The king of *Norſe* commands. "
Bring me my ſteed, Madge, *dapple gray*,
Our gude king raiſe and cry'd;
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots *king never ſey'd.*

VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ſo hie;
To draw his ſword the dreid of faes,
And haſte and follow me
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſter's arm,
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And redd your king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He has tane a horn as green as graſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That trees in green wood ſhook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſt the ſummer's morn,
When lo! down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
That horn, quoth they, *ne'er ſounds in peace*,
We have other ſport to byde;
And ſoon they hey'd them up the hill,
And ſoon were at his ſyde.

X.

Late, late yestreen I weind in peace,
To end my lengthned life,
My age might weil excuse my arm,
Frae manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse *does proudly boast*
Fair Scotland *to enthrall,*
Its ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

Robin *of* Rothsay, *bend thy bow,*
Thy arrow shoot so leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They have turn'd to deidly pale:
Brade Thomas, *tak ye but your lance,*
Ye neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ye fight wi't as ye did anes
'Gainst Westmorland's *fierce heir.*

XII.

Malcom, *light of foot as stag*
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield:
Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of metal cleir;
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

Fareweil, my dame, sae pierless good,
And took her by the hand,
Fairer to me in age you seem,
Than maids for beauty sam'd:
My youngest son sall here remain
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keips
Sae fast your painted bowirs.

And

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
  And then her boddice green,
Hir silken cords of twirtle twist,
  Weil plett with silver sheen;
And apron set with mony a dyce
  Of needle wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
  Save that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
  Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
  Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lie, here maun I die,
  By threacherous false Giles;
Witless I was that e'er gave faith
  To wicked woman's smiles.

XVI.

Sir Knight, gin ye were in my bowir,
  To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
  Wha neir kend deidly hate;
Hirself wa'd watch ye all the day,
  Her maids a deid of nicht;
And Fairly *fair your heart wald cheir,*
  As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

Arise, young knight, and mount your steid,
  Full lowns the shynand day,
Chuse frae my menzie whom ye please
  To lead ye on the way.
With symless look and visage wan,
  The wounded knight reply'd,
Kind chiftain, your intent pursue,
  For heir I maun abide.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be swait or fair,
But soon beneath some drapping trie,
Gauld death sall end my care.
With him nae pleading might prevail,
Brave *Hardyknute* to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Strave courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord *Chattan*'s land sae wyde,
That Lord a worthy wight was ay,
When saes his courage sey'd:
Of Pictish race by mother's syde,
When Picts rul'd *Caledon*,
Lord *Chattan* claim'd the princely maid,
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reach'd a rising height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norse army lay in sight;
Yonder, my valiant sons and seirs,
Our raging ravers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottish *swaird,*
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Mak orisons to him that sav'd
Our sauls upon the rude,
Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian *blude.*
Then forth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun,
And loud the bougils sound.

To

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
  In haste his march he made,
Whyle, playand pibrochs minstralls meit,
  Afore him stately strade.
Thryse welcome valiant stoup of weir,
  Thy nation's shield and pride;
Thy king nae reason has to feir
  When thou art by his syde,

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
  For thrang scarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
  The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
  With little skaith to man,
But bluddy, bluddy was the field,
  Or that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of *Scots* that sindle bruik'd
  The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
  Sen bows seimt but delay:
Quoth noble *Rothsay*, *Myne I'll keip*,
  I wate its bled a score.
Haste up, my merry men, cry'd the king,
  As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of *Norse* he sought to find,
  With him to mense the fight,
But on his forehead there did light
  A sharp unsonsie shaft;
As he his hand put up to find
  The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
  In midst between his een.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's *heir,*
Your mail coat sall nocht hyde
The strength and sharpness of my dart;
Then sent it through his syde:
Another arrow weil he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands, then quat the silver reins,
He laigh as eard did fa.

XXVII.

Sair blieds my liege, sair, sair he blieds.
Again with might he drew
And gesture dried his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew.
Wae to the knight he ettled at,
Lament now, Queen *Elgried*;
Hie dames too wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his costly jupe;
(Of gold weil was it twin'd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net, through which
His steilly harness shyn'd);
Take, Norse, *that gift frae me, and bid*
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure nae weapon fears.

XXIX.

Proud *Norse*, with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cry'd, *Where is* Hardyknute *sae sam'd*
And teir'd at Britain's *throne?*
The Britons *tremble at his name,*
I soon shall make him wail
That air my sward was made sae sharp,
Sae soft his coat of mail.

That

XXX.

That brag his ſtout heart could na byde,
It lent him youthful might:
I'm Hardyknute *this day*, he cry'd,
To Scotland's *king I height*,
To lay thee law as horſes huſe,
My word I mein to keip;
Syne with the firſt ſtraik eir he ſtrake,
He garr'd his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norſe ene lyke grey goſehawks ſtair'd wyld,
He ſight with ſhame and ſpyte;
Diſgrac'd is now my far-ſam'd arm
That left thee power to ſtrike;
Then gave his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him down to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies us'd
In courtly gyſe to lout.

XXXII.

Full ſoon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd ſair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
As touch of *Fairly* fair:
Norſe ferliet too as fair as he
To ſee his ſtately look,
Sae ſoon as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſoon his lyfe he took

XXXIII.

Whair lyke a fyre to heather ſet,
Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
A ſturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurr'd his ſteid throw thickeſt rank,
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha ſtood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repell.

XXXIV.

That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd
Looks lyke poor Scotland's *geir,*
But dreidful seims the rusty poynt:
And loud he leugh in jeir.
Aft Britons *blude has dimm'd its shyne,*
This poynt cut short their vaunt;
Syne pierc'd the boaster's bairded cheik,
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
His stirrip was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey;
Swith on the hardned clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud,
But *Thomas* look'd not as he lay
All walt'ring in his blude,

XXXVI.

With cairles gesture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he north the plain,
His seim in thrang of fiercest stryse,
When winner ay the same:
Nor yet his heart dames dipeik,
Cou'd meise saft love to bruik,
Till vengful *Ann* return'd his scorn,
Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wailowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corpse of warriors lay,
Neir to aryse again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsome sounds,
To boast the glories of the day,
And shaw their shyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On *Norway*'s coast the widow'd dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang look owre the shipless seis,
Before hir mate appeirs.
Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valiant Scots nae *revers* thole
To carry life away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie whair stands a cross,
Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce that summer's day
Fill'd keen waris black intent.
Let *Scots*, while *Scots*, praise *Hardyknute*;
Let *Norse* the name ay dreid;
Ay how he faught, aft how he spaird,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk grew the night eir *Hardyknute*
Wan neir his stately tower;
His tower that us'd with torches bleise,
To shyne sae far at night,
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae mervel fair he feight.

XLI.

There's nae light in my lady's bowir,
There's nae light in my hall;
Nae blynk shynes round my Fairly *fair*,
Nor Ward *stands on my wall.*
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas *say*.
Nae answer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde,
But by they past with speid.

XLII.

As fast as I haef sped owre Scotland's *fates*,
Their ceist his brag of weir,
Seir sham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
And maiden *Fairly* fair,
Black fear he felt, but what to fear,
He wist not yet with dreid;
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Braes of Yarrow.

BUsk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of *Yarrow*.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?
I got her where I durst not well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow,
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
And lang must I nae mair well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I have slain the comeliest swain,
That ever pu'd birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why

Why runs thy ſtream, O *Yarrow*, *Yarrow*, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow,
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of *Yarrow*?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats? O dole and ſorrow!
O 'tis the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the doleful braes of *Yarrow*.

Waſh, O waſh his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and ſorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Then build, then build, ye ſiſters, ſiſters ſad,
Ye ſiſters ſad, his tomb with ſorrow,
And weep around in woful wiſe,
His helpleſs fate on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Curſe ye, curſe ye, his uſeleſs uſeleſs ſhield,
My arm that wrought the deed of ſorrow,
The fatal ſpear that pierc'd his breaſt,
His comely breaſt on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my ſorrow,
Too raſhly bold, a ſtronger arm
Thou mett'ſt, and fell on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Sweet ſmells the birk, green grows, green grows the [graſs,
Yellow on *Yarrow's* braes the gowans,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of *Yarrow* flowan.

Flows *Yarrow* ſweet, as ſweet, as ſweet flows *Tweed*,
As green its graſs, its gowan as yellow,
As ſweet ſmells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didſt him fetter;

The'

Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of *Tweed*,
And think nae mair on the braes of *Yarrow*.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How loe him on the banks of *Tweed*,
That slew my love on the braes of *Yarrow*?

O *Yarrow* fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,
But ere the toosal of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Much I rejoic'd that woful, woful day,
I sung, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on *Yarrow*'s braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My

My brother *Douglas* may upbraid,
And ſtrive with threat'ning words to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear,
How canſt thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal ſheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected huſband lover.

But who the expected huſband, huſband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in ſlaughter.
Ah me! what ghaſtly ſpectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale ſhroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff theſe bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet beſt, yet beſt belov'd,
O could my warmth to life reſtore thee;
Yet lie all night between my breaſts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive ſo foul a ſlaughter,
And lie all night between my breaſts,
No youth ſhall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy uſeleſs ſorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy ſighs,
He lies a corpſe in the braes of *Yarrow*.

A SONG.

A Nymph of the plain,
By a jolly young ſwain,
By a jolly young ſwain,
Was addreſs'd to be kind:

But

But relentless I find
To his prayers she appear'd,
Tho' himself he endear'd,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot express;
But he lov'd to excess,
And swore he would die,
If she would not comply,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

While blushes like roses,
Which nature composes,
Which nature composes,
Vermilion'd her face,
With an ardour and grace,
Which her lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
Which their souls did employ,
Which their souls did employ,
From her ruby warm lips,
Thousand odours he sips,
At the sight of her eyes
He faints and he dies,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part,
Now becomes all the smart,
Now becomes all the smart,
Till he vow'd to his fair,

That

That to eaſe his own care,
He would meet her again,
And till then be in pain,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his paſſion to meet,

SONG.

SEnd home my long ſtray'd eyes to me,
Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from thee they've learn'd ſuch ill,
To ſweetly ſmile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forſeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me home my heart and eyes,
That I may ſee and know thy lies,
And laugh one day perhaps when thou
Shalt grieve for one
Thy love will ſcorn,
And prove as falſe as thou art now.

SONG.

WHilſt I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the god of love I ſue,
Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a thouſand ſweets bereave her,
Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes,
The remainder ſtill will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape

Shape and feature, flame and passion
  Still in every breast will move,
More is supererogation,
  Mere idolatry of love;
You may dress a world of *Chloes*
  In the beauties she can spare;
Hear him, *Cupid*, who no foe is
  To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
  Angry *Cupid* made reply,
Do *Florella's* charms displease you;
  Die then, foolish mortal, die:
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
  Of the captivating store;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
  Twenty thousand beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and sour,
  Apt to mock a lover's care;
Justly then you'd pray that power
  Shou'd be taken from the fair:
But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
  No relief in that you'll find;
Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her
  For the beauties of her mind.

SONG.

TEN years, like *Troy*, my stubborn heart,
  Withstood th' assault of fond desire:
But now, alas! I feel a smart,
  Poor I, like *Troy*, am set on fire.

With care we may a pile secure,
  And from all common sparks defend:
But oh! who can a house secure,
  When the celestial flames descend?

Thus

Thus was I safe, till from your eyes
  Destructive fires are brightly given;
Ah! who can shun the warm surprise,
  When lo! the lightning comes from heaven.

SONG.

WHilst I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,
  Straight her eyes my fate declare;
When she smiles I fear dissembling,
  When she frowns I then despair.
Jealous of some rival lover,
  If a wand'ring look she give;
Fain I would resolve to leave her,
  But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
  Or the torments I endure?
I will disclose my inclination:
  Awful distance yields no cure.
Sure it is not in her nature,
  To be cruel to her slave;
She is too divine a creature
  To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
  Warms but with a gentle heat:
Never mounts to raging passion,
  Love's a torment if too great.
When the storm is once blown over,
  Soon the ocean quiet grows;
But a constant faithful lover
  Seldom meets with true repose.

SONG.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
  The little birds that fly,

With

With careless ease, from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream:
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught:
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Deos every doubt controul;
And lovely *Nancy* stands confess'd
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love;

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design,
O teach a young unpractic'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair,
And hardly covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

SONG.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,

When

When black ey'd *Susan* came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

William, who, high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides gently thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,)
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the *British* fleet
Might envy *William*'s lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell, the sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go:

If to fair *India*'s coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is *Afric*'s spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan*'s eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG.

SWeet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows,
Refreshing, as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun,
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues,
Sweet *Philomel*, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers and walls of brass
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bless'd above,
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,
Twin-born from heaven together came:
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his power,
When time and death shall be no more.

SONG.

FAir *Iris* and her swain
Were in a shady bower,
Where *Thirsis* long in vain
Had sought the happy hour.
At length, his hand advancing
Upon her snowy breast,
He said, O! kiss me longer,
Longer yet and longer,
If you would make me blest.

IRIS.

An easy yielding maid
By trusting is undone,
Our sex is oft betray'd
By granting love too soon;

If you desire to gain me,
  Your suffering to redress,
Prepare to love me longer,
  Longer yet and longer,
Before you shall possess.

THIRSIS.

The little care you show,
  Of all my sorrows past,
Makes death appear too slow,
  And life too long to last;
Oh, *Iris!* kiss me kindly,
  In pity of my fate,
Fair *Iris*, kiss me kindly,
  Kindly still and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IRIS.

You fondly court your bliss,
  And no advances make;
'Tis not for maids to kiss,
  But 'tis for men to take.
So you may kiss me kindly,
  And I will not rebel,
Thirsis may kiss me kindly,
  Kindly still and kindly;
But never kiss and tell.

ALTERNATIVE.

And may I kiss you kindly?
  Yes you may kiss me kindly.
And kindly still and kindly?
  And kindly still and kindly.
And will you not rebel?
  And I will not rebel.
Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly,
  Kindly still and kindly,
But never kiss and tell.

SONG.

AH! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,
  And such a light discover,

As may the abſent ſun ſupply,
And chear the drooping lover.

Ariſe, my day, with ſpeed ariſe,
And all my ſorrows baniſh:
Before the ſun of thy bright eyes,
All gloomy terrors vaniſh.

No longer let me ſigh in vain,
And curſe the hoarded treaſure:
Why ſhould you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleaſure?

The petty powers of hell deſtroy:
To ſave's the pride of heaven:
To you the firſt, if you prove coy;
If kind, the laſt is given.

The choice then ſure's not hard to make,
Betwixt a good and evil:
Which title had you rather take,
My goddeſs, or, *my devil*?

SONG.

FIE! *Liza*, ſcorn the little arts
Which meaner beauties uſe,
Who think they ne'er ſecure our hearts,
Unleſs they ſtill refuſe;
Are coy and ſhy; will ſeem to frown,
To raiſe our paſſion higher;
But when the poor delight is known,
It quickly palls deſire.

Come let's not trifle time away,
Or ſtop you know not why;
Your bluſhes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die!

Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be croſt:
Ah! *Liza*, when the joys are known,
You'll curſe the minutes paſt.

SONG.

BE wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* ſues,
These *wits* are the bane of your charms:
Beauty, play'd againſt reaſon, will certainly loſe,
Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young *Damon* deſpis'd for his plainneſs of parts,
Has worth that a woman would prize;
He'll run the race *out*, tho' he heavily ſtarts,
And *diſtance* the ſhort-winded *wiſe*.

Your *fool* is a ſaint in the temple of love,
And kneels all his life there to pray;
Your *wit* but looks in, and makes haſte to remove,
'Tis a ſtage he but takes in his way.

SONG.

S*Tella* and *Flavia* every hour,
Do various hearts ſurpriſe;
In *Stella*'s ſoul lies all her power,
And *Flavia*'s in her eyes.

More boundleſs *Flavia*'s conqueſts are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd:
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella like *Britain*'s monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eaſtern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

Then

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store:
Thy charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives *Stella* more.

SONG.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any *Turk*,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The *Saturday* and *Monday*.
For then I'm dress'd in all my best,
To walk abroad with *Sally*:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alleys.

My mas[illegible]ries me to church,
And [illegible] am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away with *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When *Christmas* comes about again,
O! then I shall have money.
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
And give it to my honey:
And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and *Sally*;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
O! then I'll marry *Sally*,
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed;
But ay not in our alley.

SONG.

WOuld you have a young virgin of fifteen years?
You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears,
Ever toying and playing and sweetly, sweetly
Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears;
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her if fair or brown;
Sooth her and smooth her,
And tease her and please her,
And touch but her smicket and all's your own.

Do you fancy a widow, well known in men?
With the front of assurance come boldly on:

Be

Be at her each moment, and briſkly, briſkly
Put her in mind, how her time ſteals on;
Rattle and prattle altho' ſhe frown,
Rouſe her and touſe her from morn till noon,
And ſhew her ſome hour
You are able to grapple,
And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
That's kept by a fumbler of quality?
You muſt rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That pleaſure's beſt charm is variety;
Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her and ply her when *Cully*'s gone,
Dog her and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kiſs with a guinea, and all's your own.

SONG.

SHE.

OH love! if a god thou wilt be,
Do juſtice in favour of me;
For yonder approaching I ſee;
A man with a beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Hath often undone
Poor maids that have none,
With ſighing and toying,
And crying and lying,
And ſuch kind of foolery.

HE.

Fair maid, by your leave,
My heart does receive
Strange pleaſure to meet you here:
Pray tremble not ſo,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no harm I ſwear,
I'll do you no harm I ſwear.

SHE.

SHE.

My mother is ſpinning at home,
My father works hard at the loom,
And we are a milking come;
Their dinner they want;
Then pray ye, Sir, don't
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us affront;
We're none of the town
Will lie down for a crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us room.

HE.

By *Phœbus* and *Jove*,
By honour and love,
I'll do thee, dear ſweet, no harm;
Ye're as freſh as a roſe,
I want one of thoſe;
Ah! how ſuch a wife wou'd charm,
Ah! how ſuch a wife wou'd charm!

SHE.

And can you then like the old rule,
Be conjugal, honeſt, and dull,
And marry, and look like a fool?
For I muſt be plain,
All tricks are in vain;
There's nothing can gain
What you wou'd obtain,
Like moving and proving,
By wedding, true loving,
My leſſon I learn'd at ſchool,

HE.

I'll do't by this hand,
I've houſes and land,
Eſtate too in good freehold;
My dear, let us join,
It all ſhall be thine,
Beſides a good purſe of gold,
Beſides a good purſe of gold.

You

SHE.

You make me to blush now, I vow
Ah me! shall I bank my cow?
But since the late oath you have swore,
Your soul shall not be
In danger for me;
I'd rather agree
Of two to make three:
We'll wed, and we'll bed,
There's no more to be said,
And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

SONG.

MAiden, fresh as a rose,
Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
Take no spouse among beaux,
Fond of their raking quality;
He who wears a long bush,
All powdered down from his pericrane,
And with nose full of snush,
Snuffles out love in a merry vein.

Who, to dames of high place,
Does prattle like any parrot too;
Yet with doxies a brace
At night pigs in a garret too;
Patrimony out run,
To make a fine show to carry thee:
Plainly, friend, thour't undone,
If such a creature marry thee.

Then, for fear of a bribe,
Of flattering noise and vanity,
Yoke a lad of our tribe,
He'll shew the best humanity.
Flashy thou wilt find love,
In civil as well as secular;
But when the spirit doth move,
We have a gift particular.

Tho' our gravenesſ is pride,
That boobys the more may venerate,
He that gets a good bride,
Can jump when he's to generate;
Off then goes the diſguiſe,
To bed in his arms he'll carry thee;
Then to be happy and wiſe,
Take yea and nay to marry thee.

SONG.

LAST *Sunday* at St *James*'s pray'rs,
The prince and princeſs by;
I, dreſs'd all in my whalebone airs,
Sat in a cloſet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
Read all the anſwers o'er;
But was perverted by a look,
Which pierc'd me from the door.
High thoughts of heaven I came to uſe,
With the devouteſt care;
Which gay young *Strephon* made me loſe,
And all the raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my chair,
And bow'd with courtly grace;
But wiſper'd love into mine ear,
Too warm for that grave place.

Love, love, ſaid he, by all ador'd,
My tender heart has won:
But I grew peeviſh at the word,
Deſir'd he might be gone.
He went quite out of ſight, while I
A kinder anſwer meant;
Nor did I for my ſins that day,
By half ſo much repent.

SONG.

LOve, thou art the beſt of human joys,
Our chieſeſt happineſs below;

All

All other pleasures are but toys,
Music without thee is but noise,
  Beauty but an empty show.

Heaven that knew best what men cou'd move,
  And raise his thoughts above the brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love,
That only must his soul improve,
  Howe'er philosophers dispute.

SONG.

DEspairing beside a clear stream,
  A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
  A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
  To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
  Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was;
  (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd);
When first I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
  When she smil'd, it was pleasure to great;
I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
  Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe,
  She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
  To forsake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty so gay,
  So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
  Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
  Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,
What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
  The virgins sit weeping around?

Ah,

Ah, *Colin*! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be first at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While *Colin*. forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG.

'TWas when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows,
She cast a wishful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve

Twelve months were gone and over,
  And nine long tedious days;
Why didſt thou vent'rous lover,
  Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel ocean,
  And let my lover reſt:
Ah! what's that troubled motion,
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
  Views tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
  To loſing of my dear!
Shou'd you ſome coaſt be laid on,
  Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
  But none that loves you ſo.

How can you ſay that nature
  Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
  Do hideous rocks remain?
No eye theſe rocks diſcover,
  That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
  And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
  Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
  Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
  His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
  She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

SONG.

REmember, *Damon*, you did tell,
  In chaſtity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here I'm left to make my moan:

To

To doleful shades I will remove,
Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such soft persuasive language hung,
That when his words had silence broke,
You wou'd have thought an angel spoke.
Too happy nymph, who'er she be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my cost,
She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,
A snake may hide, or take its birth;
So his false breast, conceal it did
His heart, the snake that there lay hid.
'Tis false to say, we happy are,
Since men delight thus to ensnare;
In man no woman can be bless'd,
Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my *Damon*, or relief;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my spring of joy:
But whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
Methinks I hear you answer thus,
When Damon *has enjoy'd, he flees,*
Who sees him loves; who loves him, dies.

There's not a bird that haunts the grove,
But is a witness of my love:
Now all the bleaters on the plain
Seem sympathisers in my pain;
Echoes repeat my plantive moans;
The waters imitate my groans;
The trees their bending boughs recline,
And droop their heads as I do mine.

SONG.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad *Amynta* ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus ſhe made her moan,
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd
Damon my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth and ſuch a lover:
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting kiſſes,
Murm'ring bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore;
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
To befriend me,
Death, come, end me,
Love and *Damon* are no more.

SONG.

A *Lexis* ſhunn'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports and jocund ſtrains,
(Heaven guard us all from *Cupid*'s bow);

He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs wo.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came,
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He ſigh'd; but could not ſpeak.

Clarinda came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his wo;
She aſk'd; but with an air and mien,
As made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your ear.
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart;
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart;
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd;
But you ſhall promiſe, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG

SONG.

WHY ſo pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute, young ſinner?
Prithee, why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

SONG.

MY friend and I,
We drank whole piſs-pots
Full of ſack up to the brim:
I drank to my friend,
And he drank his pot,
So we put about the whim;
Three bottles and a quart
We ſwallow'd down our throat,
(But hang ſuch puny ſips as theſe);
We laid us all along,
With our mouths unto the bung,
And tipt whole hogſheads off with eaſe.

I heard of a fop
That drank whole tankards,
Styl'd himſelf the prince of ſots:

But I say now, Hang
  Such silly drunkards,
  Melt their flagons, break their pots.
My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine,
  And we drank the vintner out of door;
We drank it all up
In a morning, at a sup,
  And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me
  Did make this motion,
  Let us to the vintage skip:
Then we imbark'd
  Upon the ocean,
  Where we found a *Spanish* ship
Deep laden with wine,
Which was superfine,
  The sailors swore five hundred tun;
We drank it all at sea,
Ere we came unto the key,
And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having
  Quench'd his thirst,
  Said, Let's to the vineyards haste:
Straight then we sail'd
  To the *Canaries*,
  Which afforded just a taste;
From thence unto the *Rhine*,
Where we drank up all the wine,
  Till *Bacchus* cry'd, Hold ye sots, or you die,
And swore he never found,
In his universal round,
  Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out fie! cries one,
  What a beast he makes him!
  He can neither stand nor go:
Out you beast, you,
  You're much mistaken,
  When e'er knew you a beast drink so?

'Tis

'Tis when we drink the least,
That we drink most like a beast;
But when we carouse it six in hand;
'Tis then, and only then,
That we drink the most like men,
When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

SONG.

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
And money be the miser's wish,
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish:
'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls;
Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.

Let minions marshal every hair,
And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear:
Pure wine is native red and white:
'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the heart that loves to save,
And kindness flows from cups brim-full:
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk,
Some men want wit, and others wealth;
But they want nothing that are drunk:
'Tis wine. pure wine revives sad souls;
Therefore give us the chearing bowls.

SONG.

FAREWELL, my bonny bonny, witty, pretty *Maggy*,
And a' the rosy lasses milking on the down:

Adieu the flowery meadows, aft ſae dear to *Jocky*,
The ſports and merry glee of *Edinborow* town;
Since *French* and *Spaniſh* lowns ſtand at bay,
And valiant lads of *Britain* hold 'em play,
My reap hook I mann caſt quite away,
And fight too like a man.
Among 'em for our royal Queen *Anne*.
Each carle of *Iriſh* mettle battles like a dragon:
The *Germans* waddle, and ſtraddle to the drum;
The *Italian* and the butter bowzy *Hogan Mogan*:
Good-faith then, *Scotiſh Jocky* mauna lie at hame:
For ſince they are ganging to hunt renown,
And ſwear they'll quickly ding auld *Monſieur* down,
I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
To ſhew that *Scotland* can
Excel 'em for our royal Queen *Anne*.

Then welcome from *Vigo*,
And cudgelling *Don Diego*,
With ſtrutting raſcallions,
And plundering the galleons:
Each briſk valiant fellow
Fought at *Rondondellow*,
And thoſe who did meet
With the *Newfoundland* fleet;
When for late ſucceſſes,
Which *Europe* confeſſes,
At land by our gallant commanders;
The *Dutch* in ſtrong beer,
Shou'd be drunk for a year,
With their general's health in *Flanders*.

SONG.

THE ordnance aboard,
Such joys does afford,
As no mortal. no mortal, no mortal,
No mortal e'er more can deſire:
Each member repairs
From the tower to the ſtairs,
And by water *whuſh*, and by water *whuſh*,
By water they all go to fire

Of

Of each piece that's ashore,
They search from the bore;
And to proving, to proving, to proving,
To proving they go in fair weather:
Their glasses are large,
And whene'er they discharge,
There's a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza,
Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
Fitted tools for his wars,
To enable him, enable him, enable him,
Enable him to conquer the faster:
But *Mars*, had he been
Upon our *Woolwich* green,
To have heard *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza,
He'd have own'd great *Marlborough* his master.

SONG.

LEave off your foolish prating,
Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,
But drink your glass,
Round let it pass,
The bottle stands before ye,
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
This night devote to pleasure;
Let worldly cares,
And state affairs,
Be thought on at more leisure;
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with joy be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
To be a party minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll soon agree,
And be of one opinion:
Fill your glass, name your lass,
See her health go sweetly round,
Drink about, see it out,
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

SONG.

WE'll drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the sun, boys;
Let *Apollo*'s example invite us,
For he's drunk every night,
That makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,
Unknown to *Turk* and the *Persian*:
Let *Mahometan* fools
Live by heath'nish rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
While the brave *Britons* sing,
And drink healths to their *king*,
And a fig for their *sultan* and *sophy*.

SONG.

WHile the lover is thinking,
With my friend I'll be drinking,
And with vigour pursue my delight;
While the fool is designing,
His fatal confining,
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,
Without madness and folly,

Fickle

Fickle woman to marry implore;
Leave my bottle and friend,
For so foolish an end!
When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG.

CElia, let not pride undo you,
Love and life fly swiftly on;
Let not *Damon* still pursue you,
Still in vain, till love is gone:
See how fair the blooming rose is,
See by all how justly priz'd;
But when it its beauty loses,
See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When those charms that youth have lent you,
Like the roses are decay'd,
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid!
Die a maid! die a maid! die a maid!
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid!

SONG.

I'LL range around the shady bowers,
And gather all the sweetest flowers;
I'll strip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,
My thirsty nymph does panting lie,
I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night when she shall weary prove,
A grassy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her rest invade.

And

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
Myself shall never close those eyes;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day
Dispels the gloomy shades away,
Forth to the forest I'll repair,
And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
Still mixing pleasure with delight:
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind and faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

SONG.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true;
Yet *Phillis*, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.
Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven it would be!
To him but a woman you seem,
But ah! you're an angel to me:

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I forever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear waist,
Which he spans as beside him you go:
That arm like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,

I'd

I'd leave them and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I muſt feel thy diſdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

SONG.

FRom roſy bowers, where ſleeps the god of love,
Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly;
Teach me, in ſoft melodious ſong, to move
With tender paſſion my heart's darling joy:
Ah! let the ſoul of muſic tune my voice,
To win dear *Strephon*, who my ſoul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
Is, to be briſk and airy,
With a ſtep and a bound,
And a friſk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy:
As once on *Ida* dancing,
Were three celeſtial bodies,
With an air and a face,
And a ſhape and a grace,
Let me charm like beauty's goddeſs.

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and deſpair muſt end the fatal pain;
Cold deſpair, diſguis'd like ſnow and rain,
Falls on my breaſt; black winds in tempeſts blow:
My veins all ſhiver, and my fingers glow;
My pulſe beats a dead march for loſt repoſe,
And to a ſolid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or ſay, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myſelf, or drown
Amongſt the foaming billows,
Increaſing all with tears I ſhed;
On beds of ooze and chryſtal pillows
Lay down my love ſick head?

No.

No, no, I'll ſtraight run mad,
That ſoon my heart will warm;
When once the ſenſe is fled,
Love has no power to charm:
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
My robes and locks ſhall thus be tore;
A thouſand thouſand deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain! ere thus in vain adore.

SONG.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful gloom,
Where none but ſighing lovers come,
Where the ſhrill trumpets never ſound,
But one eternal huſh goes round.

There let me ſooth my pleaſing pain,
And never think of war again:
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be ſtill a ſlave?

SONG.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful room,
Where none but honeſt fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never ſound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again:
What comfort can a huſband have,
To rule the houſe where he's a ſlave?

SONG.

PIous *Selinda* goes to prayers,
If I but aſk a favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I leave her.

Would

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

SONG.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

SONG.

YOung *Corydon* and *Phillis*
Sat in a lovely grove,
Contriving crowns of lilies,
Repeating tales of love,
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But, as they were a-playing,
She ogled so the swain,
It sav'd her plainly saying,
Let's kiss to ease our pain, *&c.*

A thousand times he kiss'd her
Upon the flow'ry green:
But as he further press'd her,
A pretty leg was seen, *&c.*

So many beauties viewing,
His ardour still increas'd;
And, greater joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her breast, *&c.*

A last effort she trying,
His passion to withstand,
Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying),
Pray take away your hand, *&c.*

Young *Corydon* grew bolder,
The minutes would improve;
This is the time, he told her,
To shew how much I love, *&c.*

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in am'rous heat;
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My dear, your love is great, *&c.*

But *Phillis* did recover
Much sooner than the swain;
She blushing ask'd her lover,
Shall we not kiss again? *&c.*

Thus love his revels keeping,
Till nature at a stand,
From talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each other's hand, *&c.*

SONG.

SEE, see, my *Seraphina* comes,
Adorn'd with every grace;
Look, gods, from your celestial dome,
And view her charming face.

Then search, and see, if you can find,
In all your sacred groves,
A nymph or goddess so divine,
As she whom *Strephon* loves.

SONG.

SHE.

PRay now, *John*, let *Jug* prevail,
Doff thy sword, and take a flail;
Wounds and blows, and scorching heat,
Will [illegible] for all you'll get.

HE.

HE.

Zounds! you are mad, ye ſimple jad,
Begone, and don't prate.

SHE.

How think ye I ſhall do,
With *Hob* and *Sue*,
And all our brats when wanting you?

HE.

When I am rich with plunder,
Thou my gain ſhalt ſhare.

SHE.

My ſhare will be but ſmall, I fear,
When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
And the flae flints the *Germans* ſtrip 'em bare.

HE.

Mind your ſpinning,
Mend your linen,
Look to your cheeſe, you,
Your pigs and your geeſe too.

SHE.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

HE.

Blood and fire, if you tire
Thus my patience,
With vexations and narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping,
Is the fatal word, *Joan*.

SHE.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

HE.

Morblieu! that huff ſhall never do.

SHE.

Come, come, *John*, let's buſs and be friends,
Thus ſtill, thus loves quarrel ends;
I my tongue ſometimes let run,
But, alas! I ſoon have done.

HE.

'Tis well you're quaſh'd,
You'd elſe been thraſh'd,
Sure as my name is *John*.

SHE.

SHE.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

HE.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we shall then grow great.

SHE.

Grow great!
And want both drink and meat,
And coin, unless the pamper'd *French* you beat:
Ah *John!* take care, *John!*
And learn more wit.

HE.

Dare you prate still,
At this rate still,
And, like vermin,
Grudge my preferment?

SHE.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

HE.

Nay, if brawling, catterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must rattle;
I'll be gone, and straight abroad.

SHE.

Do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

SONG.

HE.

Since times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
To better my fortune as other folks do,
Since some have from ditches,
And coarse leather breeches,
Been rais'd to be rulers,
And wallow'd in riches,

Pray

Pray thee, come, come, come, come from the wheel
For if the gipsies don't lie,
I shall be a governor too ere I die,

SHE.

Ah, *Colin*! by all thy late doings I find,
With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind;
Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
And now *Sunday*'s jacket goes every day on;
Ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost
thou mean!

HE.

To make my shoes clean,
And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
Where, shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

SHE.

Fie! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin;
For, as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou canst buy;
For money, the devil and all's to be found,
But no good parts minded without the good pound.

HE.

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
Hunt honour, that now a days plaguily charms.

SHE.

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,
And curse thyself after for leaving the plow.

HE.

Suppose I turn gamester?

SHE.

So cheat and be hang'd.

HE.

What think'st thou of the road then?

SHE.

The high way to be hang'd.

HE.

Nice pimping howe'er yields profit for life;
I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

SHE.

That's dangerous too amongst the town-crew:
For some of them will do the same thing with you;
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in;
Faith, *Colin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

HE.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the law?

SHE.

Oh! while you live, *Colin*, keep out of that paw.

HE.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

SHE.

Ah! there's nought got that way:
There's no one minds now what these black cattle say,
Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

HE.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

BOTH.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show.

SHE.

So I'll to my distaff.

HE.

And I'll to my plough.

BOTH AGAIN.

Let all our whole care, *&c.*

SONG.

HE.

Where oxen do low,
And apple-trees grow;
Where corn is sown,
And grass is mown;
Fate gave me for life a place.

SHE.

Where hay's well cock'd,
And udders are stroak'd;

Where

Where duck and drake
Cry, quack, quack, quack;
Where turkeys lay eggs,
And ſwine ſuckle pigs;
Oh! there would I paſs my days.

HE.

On nought we will feed,
But what we can breed;

SHE.

And wear on our backs
The wool of our flocks;
And though linen feel
Rough, ſpun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho coarſe it comes.

HE.

Town follys and cullys,
And Mollys and Dollys,
For ever adieu, and for ever.

SHE.

And beaux, that in boxes
Lie ſmuggling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

HE.

Goodb'ye to the mall,
The park and canal,
St *James's* ſquare,
And ſlaunters there,
The gaming houſe too,
Where high dice and low,
Are manag'd by all degrees.

SHE.

Adieu to the knight
Was bubbled laſt night,
That keeps a blowze,
And beats his ſpouſe;
And then in great haſte,
To pay what he'as loſt,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

HE.

And well fare the lad,
Improves ev'ry clod,
Who ne'er ſets his hand
To bill or to bond:

SHE.

Nor barters his flocks
For wine or the pox,
To chouſe him of half his days.

HE.

But fiſhing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His paſtime is ever and ever:

SHE.

Whoſe lips when ye buſs 'em,
Smell like the bean-bloſſom;
Oh! he 'tis ſhall have my praiſe.

HE.

To taverns, where goes
Sour apples and ſloes,
A long adieu!
And farewel too
The houſe of the great,
Whoſe cook has no meat,
And butler cant quench my thirſt.

SHE.

Farewel to the change,
Where rantipoles range;
Farewell, cold tea,
And ratafie,
Hide-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with duſt.

HE.

Farewel the law-gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That ſhou'd be run down:

SHE.

SHE.

With city jackdaws,
That make ſtaple-laws,
To meaſure by yards and ells.

HE.

Stockjobbers and ſwobbers,
And packers and tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever;
We know what you're doing;
And home we are going;
And ſo you may ring your bells.

SONG.

HE.

OF all comforts I miſcarried,
When I play'd the ſot and married,
'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't;
Thoſe that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

SHE.

Fie! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take and bind your head,
Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd

HE.

'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or ly down,
For as ſoon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

SHE.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone?

HE.

From your arms myſelf divorcing,
I this morn muſt ride a-courſing,
A ſport that far excels a madam,
Or all the wives have been ſince *Adam*.

SHE.

I, when thus I've loſt my due,
Muſt hug my pillow wanting you;
And whilſt you top it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmleſs tea.

HE.

Pox, what care I! drink your flops till you die;
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

SHE.

If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my dear pray come.

HE.

Ere I be from rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred;
To be sober I've no leisure,
What's a man without his pleasure?

SHE.

To my grief then I must see,
Strong wine and *Nantz* my rivals be;
Whilst you carouse it with your blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

HE.

'Zounds! you may go to your gossips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

SHE.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

SONG.

PRetty parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull absence pass'd the day,
What at home was doing?
With chat and play,
We were gay,
Night and day,
Good chear and mirth renewing;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a saucy lover wou'd
Court and tease my lady?
A thing you know,
Made for show,
Call'd a beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.

Tell

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair,
And how ſhe cou'd with patience bear
All he did and utter'd?
He ſtill addreſs'd,
Still careſs'd,
Kiſs'd and preſs'd,
Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd, and flutter'd:
Well receiv'd in all like pretty pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the cloſe of day,
Or did he ever uſe to ſtay,
In a corner dodging?
The want of light,
When 'twas night,
Spoil'd my ſight;
But I believe his lodging
Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.

SONG.

Sung by Pinkanello, *merry Andrew to* Leverigo *the Mountebank Doctor.*

HEre are people and ſports,
Of all ſizes and ſorts,
Coach'd *damſel* and *ſquire*,
And *mob* in the mire,
Tarpaulins, *Trugmallions*,
Lords, ladies, ſows babies,
And *loobies* in ſcores;
Some hawling, ſome bawling,
Some leering, ſome fleering,
Some loving, ſome ſhoving,
With legions of furbelow'd *whores*;
To the tavern ſome go,
And ſome to a ſhow,
See popets for mopets,
Jack puddens for cuddens,

Rope-dancing, mares prancing,
Boats flying, *Quacks* lying,
Pick-pockets, pick plackets,
Beasts, *Butchers* and *Beaux*.
Fops prattling, dice rattling,
Rooks shamming, *Putts* damning,
Whores painted, *Masks* tainted,
In tally-man's furbelow'd clothes.
The mob's joys wou'd ye know,
To yon music-house go,
See *taylors* and *sailors*,
Whores oily and doily,
Here music makes you sick;
Some skipping, some tripping,
Some smoking, some joking,
Like spiggit and tap;
Short measure, strange pleasure,
Thus billing and swilling,
Some yearly get fairly
For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

The Second Part.

SEE, Sirs, see here! a *doctor* rare,
Who travels much at home!
Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
Past present and to come;
The cramp, the stitch, the squirt, the itch,
The gout, the stone, the pox,
The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
And all *Pandora*'s box:
Thousands I've dissected,
Thousands new erected,
And such cures effected,
As none e'er can tell:
Let the palsie shake ye,
Let the colic rack ye,
Let the crinkrums break ye,
Let the murrain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well:
Thousands, &c.

Come,

Come, *wits* so keen, devour'd with spleen,
And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
Great belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
And pepper'd vizard cracks;
I soon remove the pains of love,
And cure the amorous maid,
The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
The living and the dead;
I clear the lass with wainscot face,
And from pim-ginets free,
Plump ladies red like *Saracen*'s head
With toping ratafee.
This, with a jirk, will do your work,
And scour you o'er and o'er;
Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
Never believe me more.

SONG.

OH! the charming month of *May*,
When the breezes
Fan the trees, is
Full of blossoms fresh and gay:
Oh! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming month of May.

Oh! what joys our prospects yield,
When in new livery
We see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field:
Oh! what joy, &c. *Charming joys*, &c.

O! how fresh the morning air,
When the *zephyrs*
And the heifers
Their odorif'rous breath compare:
Oh! how fresh, &c. *Charming fresh*, &c.

Oh!

Oh! how ſweet at night to dream,
On moſſy pillows,
By the trillows
Of a gentle purling ſtream.
Oh! how ſweet, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! how kind the country laſs,
Who, her cow bilking,
Leaves her milking
For a green gown on the graſs:
Oh! how kind, &c. *Charming kind*, &c.

Oh! how ſweet it is to ſpy,
At the concluſion,
Her deep confuſion,
Bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eye:
Oh! how ſweet, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
When all is over,
She gives her lover,
Who on the ſkimming diſh carves her name,
Oh! the charming curds and cream,
Charming, charming, &c.

SONG.

C*Upid*, god of pleaſing anguiſh,
Teach the enamour'd ſwain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce deſires to know.
Heroes would be loſt in ſtory,
Did not love inſpire their glory,
Love does all that's great below,

SONG.

MY *Chloe*, why do ye ſlight me,
Since all you aſk you have?
No more with frowns affright me,
Nor uſe me like a ſlave:

Good

Good nature to discover,
Use well your faithful lover,
I'll be no more a rover,
  But constant to my grave.

Could we but change conditions,
  My grief would all be flown;
Were I the kind physician,
  And you the patient grown:
All own you're wondrous pretty,
Well shap'd, and also witty,
Enforc'd with generous pity,
  Then make my case your own.

The silver swan, when dying,
  Has most melodious lays,
Like him, when life is flying,
  In songs I'll end my days:
But know, thou cruel creature,
My soul shall mount the fleeter,
And I shall sing the sweeter,
  By warbling forth thy praise.

SONG.

IN this grove my *Strephon* walk'd,
  Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd;
Here he lov'd, &c.
In this place his loss I prove,
A sad remembrance of our love,
Oh! sad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my *Strephon* stray'd,
Here he smil'd, and there betray'd;
Here he smil'd, &c.
Every whispering breeze can tell,
How I, poor I believing fell;
Ah! by too soon believing, fell.

By

By this ſtream my *Strephon* mov'd,
Here he ſung, and there he lov'd;
Here he ſung, &c.
Every ſtream and every tree,
Cries out, perfidious cruel he,
And helpleſs poor forſaken ſhe.

On this bank my *Strephon* lean'd,
A lovely foe, but faithleſs friend;
A lovely foe, &c.
Ye verdant banks, each ſtream and grove,
Once joyous ſcenes, now diſmal prove,
Since *Strephon*'s falſe to me and love.

SONG.

TRanſported with pleaſure,
I gaze on my treaſure,
And raviſh my ſight;
While ſhe gaily ſmiling,
My anguiſh beguiling,
Augments my delight.

How bleſs'd is a lover,
Whoſe torments are over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with conſenting,
Her ſcorn and diſdain.

SONG.

A Choir of bright beauties
In ſpring did appear,
To chuſe a *May* lady
To govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white,
And the ſhepherds in green,
The garland was given,
And *Phillis* was queen.

But

But *Phillis* refus'd it,
And ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland,
While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
Are fled from the ſhore,
The graces are baniſh'd,
And love is no more:
The ſoft god of pleaſure
That warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow,
And extinguiſh'd his fires;
And vows that himſelf
And his mother will mourn,
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
In triumph return.

Forbear your addreſſes,
And court us no more;
For we will perform
What the deity ſwore:
But if you dare think
Of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheep-hooks,
And take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles
Your brows ſhall adorn,
And *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
In triumph return.

SONG.

As charming *Clara* walk'd alone,
The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down,
Like Jove deſcending from his tower,
To court her in a ſilver ſhower:

The

The shining flakes flew to her breasts,
As little birds unto their nests;
But being outdone with whiteness there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
To deck her froze into a gem.

SONG.

YE beaux of pleasure,
Whose wit at leasure,
Can count love's treasure,
Its joy and smart;
At my desire,
With me retire,
To know what fire
Consumes my heart.

Three moons that hasted,
Are hardly wasted,
Since I was blasted
With beauty's ray:
Aurora shews ye
No face so rosie,
No *July* posie
So fresh and gay.

Her skin by nature,
No *ermine* better,
Though that fine creature
Is white as snow;
With blooming graces
Adorn'd her face is,
Her flowing tresses
As black as sloe.

She's tall and slender,
She's soft and tender;
Some god commend her;
My wit's too low:

'Twere

'Twere joyful plunder,
To bring her under,
She's all a wonder
From top to toe.

Then ceaſe, ye ſages,
To quote dull pages,
That in all ages
Our minds are free:
Though great your ſkill is,
So ſtrong the will is,
My love for *Phillis*
Muſt ever be.

SONG.

ONE evening I lay
A muſing in a grove,
A nymph exceeding gay
Came there to ſeek her love;
But finding not her ſwain,
She ſat her down to grieve,
And thus ſhe did complain,
How men her ſex deceive.

Believing maids, take care
Of falſe deluding men,
Whoſe pride is to enſnare
Each female that they can:
My perjur'd ſwain he ſwore
A thouſand oaths, to prove
(As many have done before)
How true he'd be to love.

Then, virgins, for my ſake,
Ne'er truſt falſe men again;
The pleaſure we partake,
Ne'er anſwers half the pain;
Uncertain as the ſeas,
Is their unconſtant mind,
At once they burn or freeze,
Still changing like the wind.

When

When ſhe had told her tale,
Compaſſion ſeiz'd my heart,
And *Cupid* did prevail
With me to take her part:
Then bowing to the fair,
I made my kind addreſs,
And vow'd to bear a ſhare
In her unhappineſs.

Surpris'd at firſt ſhe roſe,
And ſtrove from me to fly:
I told her I'd diſcloſe
For grief a remedy.
Then, with a ſmiling look,
Said ſhe to aſſwage the ſtorm,
I doubt you've undertook
A taſk you can't perform.

Since proof convinces beſt,
Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jeſt,
To what revenge can do:
Then ſerve him in his kind,
And ſit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er deſign'd
For ſuch a faithleſs ſwain.

I courted her with care,
Till her ſoft ſoul gave way,
And from her breaſt ſo fair,
Stole the ſweet heart away:
Then ſhe with ſmiles confeſs'd,
Her mind felt no more pain,
While ſhe was thus careſs'd,
By ſuch a lovely ſwain.

SONG.

DO not aſk me charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of pinks and lilies,
And of roſes newly blown.

'Tis

'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of these flowers that crown the spring;
'Tis to —— but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying,
Why shou'd I thus fearful be?
Every minute, gently flying,
Smiles and says, Make use of me.

What the sun does to the roses,
While the beams play sweetly in,
I would —— but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it;
Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,
Might I speak what I would do,
I wou'd —— with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd; I wou'd —— Ah! wou'd you.

SONG.

Phillis the fairest of love's foes,
Tho' fiercer than a dragon,
Phillis that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
What has she now to brag on?
What has she now, &c.
So long she kept her limbs so close,
Till they have scarce a rag on.
Compell'd thro' want, the wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin,
Which surely *Strephon* hearing said,
It was both shame and sin,
It was both shame and sin,
It was both, &c.
To pity such a lazy jade,
—ou'd neither kiss nor spin.

SONG.

WHen *Chloe* we ply,
We ſwear we ſhall die,
Her eyes do our hearts ſo enthrall;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for herſelf;
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
They'll piſh! and they'll fie!
And ſwear, if you'r rude they will call;
But whiſper ſo low,
By which you may know,
Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
If ever you die,
To marry again I ne'er ſhall;
But leſs than a year,
Will make it appear,
Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of ſtate,
And party-debate,
For church and for juſtice we bawl;
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the end,
Tis all artifice, artifice all.

SONG.

The Parſon among the Peaſe.

ONE long *Whitſun* holyday,
Holyday, holyday, it was a jolly day,
Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phillida*,
Phillida, a welladay!
Met in the peaſe;

They

They long had community,
He lov'd her, ſhe lov'd him,
Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
Scanting was wanting,
Their boſoms to eaſe.
But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
You will ſee; for as they lie,
In cloſe hug, Sir *Domine*
Gemini, *Gemini*
Chanc'd to come by,
He read prayers i' the family,
No way now to frame a lie,
They ſcar'd at old *Homily*,
Homily, *Homily*,
Both away fly.
Home, ſoon as he ſaw the ſight,
Full of ſpite, as a kite runs the recubite,
Like a noiſy *Hypocrite*,
Hypocrite, *Hypocrite*,
Miſchief to ſay;
Save he wou'd fair *Phillida*,
Phillida, *Phillida* dreſs'd that holyday;
But poor *Ralph*, ah welladay!
Welladay! welladay!
Turn'd was away.
'Ads nigs, cries Sir *Domine*
Gemini Gemini, ſhall a rogue ſtay,
To baulk me, as commonly,
Commonly, commonly,
Has been this way?
No, I ſerve the the family,
They know nowght to blame me by,
I read prayers and homily, homily,
Three times a-day.

SONG.

HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing diſeaſe of the mind,

Can indulge every taste,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull reputation confin'd!
When we'er young, fit to toy,
Gay delights we enjoy,
And have crouds of new lovers still wooing;
When we'er old and decay'd,
We procure for the trade,
Still in every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet,
We spend what we get
Every day, for the next never think;
When we die, where we go
We have no sense to know,
For a bawd always dies in her drink.

SONG.

ONE *April* morn, when from the sea
Phœbus was just appearing,
Damon and *Celia* young and gay,
Long settled love endearing,
Met in a grove, to vent their spleen
On parents unrelenting;
He bred of *Tory*-race had been,
She of the tribe dissenting.

Celia, whose eyes outshone the god,
Newly the hills adorning,
Told him, *mamma* would be stark mad,
She missing prayers that morning;
Damon, his arm about her waist,
Swore, that nought should them sunder.
Shou'd my rough *dad* know how I'm bless'd,
'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones made by ambition blind,
By faction still support it,
Or where vile money taints the mind,
They for conveniency court it:

But

But mighty Love, that ſcorns to ſhew
Party ſhou'd raiſe his glory,
Swears he'll exalt a vaſſal true,
Let it be *Whig* or *Tory*.

SONG.

AMongſt the willows on the graſs
Where nymphs and ſhepherds lie,
Young *Willy* courted bonny *Beſs*;
And *Nell* ſtood liſt'ning by;
Says *Will*, we will not tarry
Two months before we marry.
No, no, fie no, never tell me ſo,
For a maid I'll live and die:
Says Nell, *ſo ſhall not I.*
Says Nell, &c.

Long time betwixt hope and deſpair,
And kiſſes mixt between,
He with a ſong did charm her ear,
Thinking ſhe chang'd had been;
Says *Will*, I want a bleſſing,
Subſtantialer than kiſſing.
No, no, fie no, neever, never tell me ſo,
For I will never change my mind.
Says Nell, *ſhe'll prove more kind.*
Says Nell, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
Altho by nature taught,
When ſhe firſt to man inclines:
Quoth Nell, *I'll venture that.*
Oh! who wou'd loſe a treaſure,
For ſuch a puny pleaſure!
Not I, not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
And to my vow be true.
Quoth Nell, *the more fool you.*
Quoth Nell, &c.

To

To my closet I'll repair,
And read on godly books,
Forget vain love and worldly care.
Quoth Nell, *that likely looks.*
You men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious,
Try all fly all, and while I breath defy all.
Your sex I now despise.
Says Nell, *by Jove she lies.*
Says Nell, &c.

SONG.

S*Elinda* sure's the brightest thing
That decks the earth, or breathes our air;
Mild are her looks like opening spring,
And like the blooming summer fair.

But then her wit's so very small,
That all her charms appear to lie,
Like glaring colours on a wall
And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
Our ears are absent from the feast,
One sense is surfeited with sweets,
Starv'd and disgusted are the rest.

So I have seen with aspect bright,
A taurdy pride, a tulip swell,
Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
Dull and insipid to the smell.

SONG.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately came into the play,
The men would want ſomething to do,
The women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes men trifle in dreſſing?
Becauſe the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often careſſing
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No ſooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle ſhall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
At *Whyte's* half a moment to ſit?
Or who is't cou'd bear a tea table,
Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles ſecure,
Gold keys are no trifles we ſee;
White rods are no trifles I'm ſure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed;
The levee will ſhew you, his Grace
Makes promiſes trifles indeed!

A coach with ſix footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor ſin;
But, ye gods! how oft do we find
A ſcandalous trifle within?

A flaſk of *Champaign* people think it
A trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifling by Gad.

A parſon's a trifle at ſea,
A widow's a trifle in ſorrow,
A peace is a trifle to-day,
To break it is a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We ſhall have more trifles than ever.

The ſtage is a trifle, they ſay,
The reaſon pray carry along;
Becauſe that every new play,
The houſe they with trifles ſo throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to ſet us all on a foot;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his ſong is a trifle to boot.

SONG.

FRom grave leſſons and reſtraint,
I'm ſtole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble and I faint,
In the middle of the fair.

Oh! would fortune in my way
Throw a lover kind and gay;
Now's the time he ſoon might move
A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall I venture? No, no, no,
Shall I from danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
I muſt not tary, I cannot fly,
I muſt not, durſt not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me art;
Why ſhould I deny my part?
If a lover will purſue;
Like the wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him, if he's true,
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too.

SONG.

SONG.

Women and Wine.

SOme ſay women are like ſea,
Some the waves and ſome the rocks,
Some the roſe that ſoon decays,
Some the weather, ſome the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd ſo well,
As wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, ſo is wine,
They make the ſtateſman loſe his ſkill,
The ſoldier, layer, and divine;
They put a gigg in the graveſt ſkull,
And ſend their witts to gather wool;
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in parallel.

What is't makes your face ſo pale,
What is't makes your looks divine,
What makes your courage riſe and fall?
Is it not women, is it not wine?
Whence proceed the inflaming doſes,
That ſet fire to your noſes?
From wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in parallel.

SONG.

WOu'd you chuſe a wife,
For a happy life?
Leave the court and the country take,
Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
Follow *Roger* and *John*,
Whilſt harveſt goes on,
And merrily merrily rake.

Leave

Leave the *London* dames,
(Be it ſpoke to their ſhames)
To lie in their beds till noon,
Then get up and ſtretch,
And paint too and patch,
Some widgeon to catch,
Then look at their watch,
And wonder they roſe up ſo ſoon.

Then coffee and tea,
Both green and bohea,
Are ſerv'd to their tables in plate,
Where tattles do run,
As ſwiſt as the ſun,
Of what they have won,
And who is undone,
By their gaming and ſitting up late.

The laſs give me here,
Tho' brown as my beer,
That knows how to govern her houſe,
That can milk her cow,
Or farrow her ſow,
Make butter and cheeſe,
Or gather green peaſe,
And values not fine clothes not a ſouſe.

This is the girl
Worth rubies and pearl;
A wife that will make a man rich;
We gentlemen need,
No quality breed
To ſquander away
What taxes would pay;
We care not in faith for ſuch.

SONG.

YES I could love, if I could find
A miſtreſs fitted to my mind,
Whom neither gold nor pride could move,
To change her virtue or her love.

Loves

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myſelf, and not for mine;
Not city-proud, nor nice and coy,
But full of love, and full of joy:

Not childiſh young, nor beldame old,
Nor fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Nor gravely wiſe to rule the ſtate,
Nor fooliſh to be pointed at:

Not worldly rich, nor baſely poor,
Nor chaſte, nor a reputed whore:
If ſuch an one you can diſcover,
Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

SONG.

BLeſs'd as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while,
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this bereav'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt,

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtile flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, ſunk, and dy'd away.

SONG.

YOU may ceaſe to complain,
For your ſuit is in vain;
All attempts you can make
But augments her diſdain;

She

She bids you give over
  While 'tis in your power,
For except her esteem
  She can grant you no more:
Her heart has been long since
  Assaulted and won,
Her truth is as lasting
  And firm as the sun;
You'll find it more easy
  Your passion to cure,
Than for ever those fruitless
  Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
  To the wretched and wise,
But a lover like me
  Will those precepts despise;
I scorn to give over
  Were it in my power;
Tho' esteem were deny'd me,
  Yet her I'll adore.
A heart that's been touch'd
  Will some sympathy bear,
'Twill lessen my sorrows
  If she takes a share;
I'll count it more honour
  In dying her slave,
Than did her affections
  The steddiness crave.

You may tell her I'll be
  Her true lover, tho' she
Should mankind despise
  Out of hatred to me;
'Tis mean to give o'er,
  'Cause we get no reward,
She lost not her worth
  When I lost her regard;
My love on an altar
  More noble shall burn,

I still

I ſtill will love on
  Without hopes of return;
I'll tell her ſome other
  Has kindled the flame,
And I'll ſigh for herſelf
  In another one's name.

SONG.

The tippling Philoſophers.

D*iogenes* ſurly and proud,
  Who ſnarl'd at the *Macedon* youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
  Becauſe in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a *Job*,
  Unable to purchaſe a flaſk,
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
  And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
  A bumper, to cheriſh his heart;
And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
  Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
  He wept at mens follies and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink,
  Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Deomocrites always was glad
  To tipple and chiriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
  When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was ſtor'd,
  The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
And when he was as drunk as a lord,
  At them that were ſober he'd laugh.

Wiſe *Solon*, who carefully gave
  Good laws unto *Athens* of old,

And

And thought the rich *Crœsus* a slave'
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But drinking much talk would decline,
Because 'twas custom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home;
And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
To the last, (we may truly aver it),
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he dy"d in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin,
On his pupils who wisdom would seek;
Because he tippled good wine,
Till himself was unable to speak;
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd transmigration of souls

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine:
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle,

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly moſt writers agree,
Was big as a watring-trough;
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhou'd have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

SONG.

Down among the dead men.

HEre's a health to the king and a laſting peace;
May faction be damn'd, and diſcord ceaſe;
Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men, let him lie.

Now a health to the queen, and may ſhe long
B' our firſt fair toaſt to grace our ſong;
Off wi' your hats, wi' your knees on the ground,
Take off your bumpers all around;
And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c. *let him lie.*

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celeſtial joys are found;

And

And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman-hating crew;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among, &c. *let him lie.*

Here's thriving to trade, and the commonweal,
And patriots to their country leal;
But who for bribes gives *Satan* his soul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl;
And all that with such rogues comply,
Down among, &c. *let them lie.*

In smiling *Bacchus'* joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let *Bacchus'* health round swiftly move,
For *Bacchus* is a friend to love;
And he that does this health deny,
Down among, &c. *let him lie.*

SONG.

HE that will not merry merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
And fast bound to a post;
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here:
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny into his purse:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise:
Let him be merry, &c.

He

He that will not merry merry be,
With his mistress in his bed,
Let him be buried in the church-yard,
And me put in his stead:
Let him be merry, &c.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses;
Noble deeds are done by wine;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces:
Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe when just going,
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking:
Drank about at council board;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart,
From amorous looks and smiles;
From saucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
That do to pity move;
From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide;
And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, though pure,
Needs every virtue's aid;
And she who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

WHY shou'd a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When passion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd
As long as we cou'd,
Till love was lov'd out of us both;
But our marriage is dead,
When the pleasure is fled;
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
And further love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a madness that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another;
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as these kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart wou'd break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses:
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

I'LL ſail upon the Dog ſtar,
And then purſue the morning;
I'll chace the moon till it be noon,
I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the freſty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the ſky,
And tie both ends together.

The ſtars pluck from their orbs too,
And croud them in my budget;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let Greſham college judge it:

While I mount yon blue cœlum,
To ſhun the tempting gipſies;
Play at foot-ball with ſun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipſes.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my ſong,
A moment you never can better employ;
Sawny and Teague were trudging along,
A bonny Scots lad, and an Iriſh dear joy;
They neither before had ſeen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any ſuch name;
As they were a-walking,
And merrily talking,
At laſt by mere chance to a windmill they came.

Haha! cries Sawny, what do ye ca' that?
To tell the right name o't I am at a loſs.
Teague very readily anſwer'd the Scot,
Indeed I believe it'ſh ſhaint Patrick's croſs.
Says Sawny, you'll find yourſell meikle miſtaken,
For it is Saint Andrew's croſs I can ſwear;
For there is his bonnet,
And tartans hang on it,
The plaid and the trews our apoſtle did wear.

Nay, o' my ſhoul joy, thou telleſht all lees,
For that I will ſhwear is ſhaint Patrick's coat:
I ſheet him in Ireland buying the freeze,
And that I'm ſhure iſh the ſhame that he bought;
And he iſh a ſhaint muſh better than ever
Made either the covenantſh ſolemn or league
For o' my ſhalwaſhion,
He was my relaſhion,
And had a great kindneſh for honeſht poor Teague.

Wherefore, ſays Teague, I will, by my ſhoul,
Lay down my napſack, and take out my beads,
And under this holy croſs' feet I will fall,
And ſhay *pater-noſhter*, and ſhome of our creeds;
So Teague began with humble devotion,
To kneel down before St. Patrick's croſs;
The wind fell a blowing,
And ſet it a going,
And gave our dear-joy a terrible toſs.

Sawny tehee'd, to ſee how poor Teague
Lay ſcratching his ears, and roll on the graſs,
Swearing, it was ſurely the de'il's whirly-gig,
And none (he roar'd out) of St. Patrick's croſs:
But iſh it indeed, cries he in a paſſion,
The croſs of our ſhaint that has croſht me ſo ſore;
Upo' my ſalwaſhion,
This ſhall be a cawſhion,
To truſt to St. Patrick's kindneſs no more.

Sawny to Teague then merrily cry'd,
This patron of yours is a very ſad loon,
To hit you ſic a ſair thump on the hide,
For kneeling before him, and ſeeking a boon:
Let me adviſe you to ſerve our St. Andrew,
He, by my ſaul, was a very gude man:
For ſince your St. Patrick
Has ſerv'd you ſic a trick,
I'd ſee him hung up e'er I ſerv'd him again.

IN ſpite of love at length I've found
A miſtreſs that can pleaſe me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day ſhe'll eaſe me;
No jealous thoughts diſturb my mind,
Though ſhe's enjoy'd by all mankind,
Then drink and never ſpare it;
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

If you, through all her naked charms,
Her little mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your arms,
And uſe her like a lover;
Such liquor ſhe'll diſtill from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſht ſenſe;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

But beſt of all! ſhe has no tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me;
Her ſkin is ſmooth, complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious ſmack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

If you her excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir,
Clap your hand about her waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;
As for her bottom never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

ON a bank of flowers,
In a ſummer day,
Inviting and undreſt,
In her bloom of youth,
Fair *Celia* lay,

With love and sleep oppreſt;
When a youthful ſwain
Wiſh'd that he durſt
The ſweet maid ſurprize;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching ſpies.

As he gaz'd,
A gentle *Zephyr* aroſe,
That fann'd her robes aſide;
And the ſleeping nymph
Did the charms diſcloſe,
Which waking ſhe would hide:
Then his breath grew ſhort,
And his pulſe beat high,
He long'd to touch
What he chanc'd to ſpy;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.

All amaz'd he ſtood,
With her beauties fir'd,
And bleſt the courteous wind;
Then in whiſpers ſigh'd,
And the gods deſir'd,
That *Celia* might be kind:
When with hopes grown bold,
He advanc'd amain;
But ſhe laugh'd aloud
In a dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the timorous ſwain.

Yet the amorous youth,
To relieve his ſoft pain,
The ſlumbering maid careſs'd;
And with trembling hand
(O ſimple poor ſwain!)
Her glowing boſom preſs'd:
When the virgin awak'd,
And affrighted flew,

Yet

Yet look'd as wiſhing
He wou'd purſue:
With a ſa, la, la, la, &c.
But *Damon* miſs'd his cue.

Now, now repenting,
That he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd,
What a dull and a ſtupid
Blockhead was I,
That ſuch a chance abus'd;
To my ſhame 'twill now
On the plains be ſaid,
Damon a virgin
Aſleep betray'd,
With a ſa, la, la, la, &c.
And let her go a maid.

OH! happy, happy grove,
Witneſs of our tender love;
Oh! happy, happy ſhade,
Where firſt our vows were made:
Bluſhing, ſighing, melting, dying,
Looks would charm a *Jove*;
A thouſand pretty things ſhe ſaid,
And all —— and all was love:
But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
And forſakes the ſhady groves;
When I ſpeak of mutual joys,
She knows not what I mean;
Wanton glances, fond careſſes,
Now no more are ſeen,
Since the faiſe deluding fair
Has left the flow'ry green:
Mourn, ye nymphs that ſporting play'd,
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;
There the ſecret wound ſhe gave,
When I was made her ſlave.

THE sages of old
In prophecy told
The cause of a nation's undoing;
But our new *English* breed
No prophecies need,
For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,
We promote civil wars,
And preach up false tenets to many;
We snarl and we bite,
We rail and we fight
For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his friend,
And the church and the senate would settle;
Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he should,
And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politick things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow;
But takes a full glass,
To his country's success,
This, this is an honest brave fellow.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleasing power admire;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like yours inspire:
Now I may say I met with one,
Amazes all mankind:
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet;

Like

Like the divining prophets, wise;
  Like new-blown roses, sweet;
Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
  Each happy night a bride;
A mein like awful majesty,
  And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
  Chaste, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
  And never thought it long:
Ah! were you to reward such care,
  And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
  Would seem but as one day.

KINDLY, kindly, thus, my treasure,
  Ever love me, ever charm;
Let the passion know no measure,
  Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our bliss beguiling,
  By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my soft embraces smiling,
  We'll be as happy as the gods.

ETRICK *Banks.*

I.

ON *Etrick banks*, in a summer's night,
  At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassy, braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
  My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang;
  My words they were na mony feck.

II.

I ſaid, My laſſy, will ye go
To the highland hills, the *Earſe* to learn,
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of *Earn*.
At *Leith* auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the *Broomielaw*,
Chear up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

III.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, froſts and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when you ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes and play a ſpring:
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lais amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh and kiſs, and dance and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

The Birks of INVERMAY.

I.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from the ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, *Amanda*, timely wiſe,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

II.

II.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop. and we decay,
Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

III.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhite ſing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the blackbird vye,
In tuneful ſtrains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their ſummer ſuits;
To mirth all nature now invites;
Let us be blythſome then and gay
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noite,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of *Invermay*.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

HERO *and* LEANDER.
An old BALLAD.

LEANDER on the bay
Of *Hellespont* all naked stood,
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood:
The raging seas,
Whom none can please,
'Gainst him their malice show;
The heavens lowr'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

II.

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain,
Ye cruel rocks and skies!
Ye stormy winds, and angry main!
What 'tis to miss
The lover's bliss,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But spare me as I go.

III.

Lo! yonder stands the tower
Where my beloved *Hero* lyes,
And this the appointed hour
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond suit
The gods were mute;
The billows answer, No:
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
But sunk the youth as low.

IV.

Mean while the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,

Now

Now does his ſtay upbraid;
Now dreads he ſhou'd the paſſage prove:
O fate! ſaid ſhe,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows ſhall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but fall
By my *Leander*'s ſide.

V.

At length the riſing ſun
Did to her ſight reveal, too late,
That *Hero* was undone;
Not by *Leander*'s fault, but fate.
Said ſhe, I'll ſhew,
Though we are two,
Our loves were ever one:
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die alone.

VI.

Down from the wall ſhe leapt
Into the raging ſeas to him,
Courting each wave ſhe met,
To teach her wearied arms to ſwim:
The ſea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's ſide.
When join'd at laſt,
She graſp'd him faſt,
Then ſigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Rare WILLY *drown'd in* YARROW.

I.

WILLY's rare, and *Willy*'s fair,
And *Willy*'s wondrous bonny;
And *Willy* heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

II.

II.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter night
I lye twin'd of my marrow.

III.

O came you by yon water side,
Pou'd you the rose or lilly?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw ye my sweet *Willy?*

IV.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in *Yarrow*.

The King and the Miller.

I.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess!
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
What though he all dusty and whit'ned does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau:
A *clown* in his *dress* may be honester far,
Than a *Courtier* who struts in his *Garter* and *Star*.

II.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his *Betters* are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.
What if, when for dinner a pudding he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

III.

III.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this too he mimicks the *Tools* of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill;
He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does ly,
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a *Miller*, then who'd be a *King*?

Sweet WILLIAM'S *Ghoſt.*

I.

THERE came a ghoſt to *Marg'ret*'s door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But anſwer made ſhe none.

II.

Is that my father *Philip*?
Or is't my brother *John*?
Or is't my true love *Willy*
From *Scotland* new come home?

III.

'Tis not thy father *Philip*,
Nor yet thy brother *John*:
But 'tis thy true love *Willy*
From *Scotland* new come home.

IV.

O ſweet *Marg'ret*! O dear *Marg'ret*!
I pray thee ſpeak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, *Marg'ret*,
As I gave it to thee.

V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiſs my cheek and chin.

VI.

VI.

If I ſhou'd come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And ſhou'd I kiſs thy roſy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

VII.

O ſweet *Marg'ret!* &c. *as 4th Stanza.*

VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the ſea;
And it is but my ſpirit, *Marg'ret*,
That's now ſpeaking to thee.

X.

She ſtretch'd out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her beſt,
Hae there's your faith and troth, *Willy*,
God ſend your ſoul good reſt.

XI.

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live lang winter night
The dead corps followed ſhe.

XII.

Is there any room at your head, *Willy*,
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your ſide, *Willy*,
Wherein that I may creep?

XIII.

There's no room at my head, *Marg'ret*;
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my ſide, *Marg'ret*,
My coffin's made ſo meet.

XIV.

XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray.
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear *Marg'ret*,
That you were going away.

XV.

No more the ghost to *Marg'ret* said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

XVI.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant *Marg'ret* cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her ein,
Stretch'd her soft limbs and dy'd.

Ungrateful NANNY.

I.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

II.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

III.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
Did ever *Nanny*'s heifers fast,
If *Robin* in his barn had hay.
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

IV.

If ever *Nanny* loſt a ſheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did ſafely keep
Within my folds in froſt and ſnow:
Have they not there from cold been free?
But *Nanny* ſtill is cold to me.

V.

When *Nanny* to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitcher fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the ſack, but ſhe
Will never bear a ſight of me.

VI.

To *Nanny*'s poultry oats I gave,
I'm ſure they always had the beſt;
Within this week her pidgeons have
Eat up a peck of peaſe at leaſt.
Her little pidgeons kiſs, but ſhe
Will never take a kiſs from me.

VII.

Muſt *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* ſtill on *Robin* frown;
Alas, poor wretch! what ſhall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me ſoon!
If no relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron ſtring.

The Scullion's Complaint.

I.

BY the ſide of a great kitchen fire,
A ſcullion ſo hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his deſire;
A kettle ſupported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the houſe,
To his ſigh with a grunt did reply;
And the gutter, that ear'd not a louſe,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

II.

II.

But when it was set in a dish,
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
My mouth it does water and wish,
I think it had better been fry'd;
The butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair;
Oh! might I but eat it, he said,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

III.

How foolish was I to believe
It was made for so homely a clown,
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town.
Could I think that a pudding so fine
Would ever uneaten remove:
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought
Where puddings we boil and we fry,
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever set by,
Ah, *Colin!* thou must not be first,
Thy knife and thy trencher resign;
There's *Marg'ret* will eat till she burst,
And her turn is sooner than mine.

V.

And you my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me so pale,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail.
Tho' I should thro' all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;
'Tis its fate to be often above,
'Tis mine still to want it below.

VI.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In your breasts any pity be found,

Ye servants that earliest dine,
  Come see how I ly on the ground:
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
  And sorrow to see how I dwell;
And say, when you grieve at my lot,
  Poor *Colin* lov'd pudding too well.

VII.

Then back to your meat you may go,
  Which you set in your dishes so prim,
Where sauce in the middle does flow,
  And flowers are strew'd round the brim:
While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
  By the hedges shall dismally rove,
Unless when he sees the round moon,
  He thinks on a pudding above. *

The Haymaker's Song.

I.

COME, neighbours, now we've made our hay;
  The sun in haste
  Drives to the west,
With sports, with sports conclude the day.
Let ev'ry man choose out his lass,
And then salute her on the grass;
  And when you find
  She's coming kind,
  Let not that moment pass;
Then we'll toss off our bowls,
  To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
  And the lord of the manor.

II.

At night, when round the hall we sit,
  With good brown bowls
  To chear our souls,

And

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* See the excellent Original, p. 267. of which this is the Burlesque.

And raiſe, and raiſe a merry chat:
When blood grows warm and love runs high,
And jokes around the table fly,
Then we retreat,
And that repeat
Which all would gladly try;
Then we'll toſs off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

III.

Let lazy great ones of the town
Drink night away,
And ſleep all day,
Till gouty, gouty they are grown;
Our daily works ſuch vigour give,
That nightly ſports we oft revive,
And kiſs our dames
With ſtronger flames
Than any prince alive:
Then we'll toſs off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

WATTY *and* MADGE.

In Imitation of WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.

I.

'TWAS at the ſhining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at *Watty*'s breaſt,
And the poor lad grew faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham
That lang in reik had hung,
And horn-hard was his tawny hand
That held his hazel rung.

III.

So wad the safteſt face appear
Of the maiſt dreſſy ſpark,
And ſuch the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept cloſe at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery buſh
Beneath his bannet blew,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy briſtles grew.

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gaed rumbling thro' his kyte,
And naething now but ſolid gear
Cou'd gie his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran wi' ſpeed,
To his lov'd Madge he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook
With viſage ſowr and wan.

VII.

Get up, he cries, my creeſhy love,
Support my ſinking ſaul
Wi' ſomething that is fit to chew,
Be't owther het or cauld.

VIII.

This is the how and hungry hour,
When the beſt cures for grief
Are cogue fu's o' the lythy kail,
And a gude junt of beef.

IX.

Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
I but o'er juſtly trow'd
Your love was thowleſs, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

Bethink thee, Watty, on that night
When a' were faſt aſleep,
How ye kiſs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave thae cheeks to dreep.

XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort o' your ſight?
How cou'd ye ruize my dimpled hand,
Now a' my dimples ſlight?

XII.

Why did you promiſe me a ſnood,
To bind my locks ſae brown?
Why did you me fine garters height,
Yet let my hoſe fa' down?

XIII.

O faithleſs Watty, think how aſt
I ment your ſarks and hoſe!
For you how mony bannocks ſtown,
How mony cogs o' broſe.

XIV.

But hark!——the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come ſee, ye haſh, how ſair I ſweat,
To ſtegh your guts, ye ſot.

XV.

The grace was ſaid, the maſter ſerv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,
Blyth Watty raiſe and rax'd himſel,
And fidg'd he was ſae fain.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the ſavoury bench,
Where a warm haggies ſtood,
And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.

XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare;
Syne claw'd it aff moſt cleverly,
Till he cou'd eat nae mair.

CELIA *in a Jessamine Bower.*

I.

WHEN the bright god of day
Drove westward his ray,
And the evening was charming and clear,
The swallows amain
Nimbly skim o'er the plain,
our shadows like giants appear.

II.

In a jessamine bower,
When the beam was in flower,
And *Zephyrs* breath'd odours around,
Lov'd *Celia* she sat
With her song and spinet,
And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

III.

Rosy bowers she sung,
Whilst the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
The industrious bees
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

IV.

The gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By *Zephyrs* conducted along;
As she touch'd on the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echoes repeated the song.

V.

O ye mortals! beware
How you venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound;
Your fate you can't shun,
For you're surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the sound.

Were

Were na my heart light, I wad dee.

I.

THERE was anes a *May*, and ſhe loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen,
But now ſhe cries dool! and a well a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now ſhe cries dool! &c.

II.

When bonny young *Johny* came o'er the ſea,
He ſaid he ſaw naething ſae lovely as me:
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light, I wad dee.
He hecht, &c.

III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Becauſe I was twice as bonny as ſhe;
She rais'd ſic a pother, 'tweiſt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad dee.
She rais'd, &c.

VI.

The day it was ſet, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee;
She main'd and ſhe grain'd, out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad ſee her again.
She main'd, &c.

V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do with the like of me?
Albeit I was bonny I was na for *Johny*;
And were na my heart light, I wad dee.
Albeit I was, &c.

VI.

They ſaid I had nowther a cow nor a caff,
Nor dribbles of drink that rins thro' the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill-ei;
And were na my heart light, I wad dee.
Nor pickles of, &c.

VII.

His titty ſhe was baith wylie and ſlee,
She ſpy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then ſhe ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain ein, an ye trow na me.
And then ſhe, &c.

VIII.

His bonnet ſtood ay fu' round on his brow,
His auld ane looks ay as weil as ſome's new:
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And caſts himſel' dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The lee-lang night he ne'er ſteeks his eie,
And were na my heart light, I wad dee.
The lee-lang, &c.

X.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We ſhou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lilly-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.
And linking, &c.

Bonny BARBARA ALLAN.

I.

IT was in and about the *Martinmas* time,
When green leaves were a-falling,
That *Sir John Graeme* in the weſt country,
Fell in love with *Barbara Allan*.

II.

He ſent a man down thro' the town,
To the place where ſhe was dwelling,
O haſte and come to my maſter dear,
Gin ye be *Barbara Allan*.

III.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

IV.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And 'tis a' for *Barbara Allan*.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a' spilling.

V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted *Barbara Allan*.

VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to *Barbara Allan*.

VII.

And slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

VIII.

She had not gaen a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead bell gied,
It cry'd, Woe to *Barbara Allan*.

IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

On Masonry.

I.

By Mason's art, the aspiring dome
In various columns shall arise;
All climates are their native home,
Their godlike actions reach the skies.
Heroes and kings revere their name,
And poets sing their deathless fame.

II.

Great, generous, noble, wise, and brave,
Are titles they most justly claim;
Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim;
Time shall their glorious acts inrol,
Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

Gently touch, &c.

I.

Gently touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast.
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

II.

On the mossy bank she lies,
([illegible]ature's verdant velvet bed,)
[illegible]eous flowers meet her eyes,
[illegible]orming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

Imitated.

Gently stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dreeping-pan, a toast:

That

That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

II.

On the dresser see it lies:
Oh the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Swiftly let the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean;
Pickles get of every sort,
And a sallad crisp and green:
Then with small beer and sparkling wine,
O, ye gods! how I shall dine.

The happy Beggars.

Queen of the beggars.

HOW bless'd are beggar-lasses,
Who never toil for treasure!
Who know no care, but how to share
Each day successive pleasure!
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with bliss abound,
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

First woman.

A fig for gaudy fashions,
No want of cloaths oppresses;
We live at ease with rags and fleas
We value not our dresses.
Drink away, &c.

Second woman.

We scorn all ladies washes,
With which they spoil each feature,
No patch or paint our beauties want,
We live in simple nature.
Drink away, &c.

Third

Third woman.

No cholic, ſpleen, or vapours,
At morn, or evening teaſe us;
We drink no tea, or ratafia;
When ſick, a dram can eaſe us.
Drink away, &c.

Fourth woman.

That ladies act in private,
By nature's ſoft compliance;
We think no crime, when in our prime,
To kiſs without a licence.
Drink away, &c.

Fifth woman.

We know no ſhame or ſcandal,
The beggars law befriends us,
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

Sixth woman.

Like jolly beggar wenches,
Thus, thus we drown all ſorrow;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our pleaſure till to-morrow.
Drink away, &c.

LUCY *and* COLIN.

I.

OF Leiſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh!

II.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow conſuming maid,
Her life was near an end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair,
Of vengeance due to broken vows
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing:
Too well the love lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke,
The virgins weeping round:

IV.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
"Which ſays I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
"Which beckons me away.
"By a falſe heart and broken vows,
"In early youth I die;
"Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

V.

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone,
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own.
"To-morrow in the church to wed,
"Impatient both prepare:
"But know, fond maid, and know, falſe man,
"That Lucy will be there.

"Then

VI.

"Then bear my corſe, my comrades dear,
"This bridegroom blyth to meet;
"He in his wedding trim ſo gay,
"I in my winding ſheet."
She ſpoke—ſhe dy'd: her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blyth to meet;
He in his wedding trim ſo gay,
She in her winding ſheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts!
How were theſe nuptials kept!
The bride's men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook—he groan'd—he fell.

VIII.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)
The varying crimſon fled,
When ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mold with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

XI.

Oft at his grave, the conſtant hind,
And plighted maids are ſeen,
With garlands gay and true love-knots
They deck the ſacred green.
But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him here.

A Review of St. PAUL's CHURCH, COVENT-GARDEN.

I.

HAVING ſpent all my time,
Upon women and wine,
I went to the church out of ſpite;
But what the prieſt ſaid
Is quite out of my head,
I reſolv'd not to edify by't.

II.

All the women I view'd,
Both religious and lewd,
From the ſable top-knots to the ſcarlets;
An even wager I'd lay,
That at a full play,
The houſe never ſwarm'd ſo with harlots.

III.

Madam Lovely I ſaw,
With her daughters-in-law,
Whom ſhe offers to ſale every Sunday;
In the midſt of her pray'rs
She negotiates affairs,
And ſigns aſſignations for Monday.

IV.

Next a baron knight's daughter,
Whoſe own mother taught her,
By precept and practical notions,
To wear gaudy cloaths,
And ogle the beaux,
Was at church, to ſhew ſigns of devotion.

V.

Next, a lady of fame,
Whom we ſhall not name,
She'll give you no trouble in teaching;
She has a fine book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

VI.

Madam Fair there ſhe ſits,
Almoſt out of her wits,
Betwixt vice and devotion debating;
She's as vitious as fair,
And has no buſineſs there,
To hear maſter Tickle-text prating.

VII.

From the corner of the ſquare
Comes a hopeful young pair,
As religious as they ſee occaſion;
But if patches or paint
Be true ſigns of a ſaint,
We've no reaſon to fear their damnation.

VIII.

When thus he had done,
He bleſs'd every one,
With his benediction the people:
So I run to the Crown,
Leſt the church ſhou'd fall down,
And beat out my brains with the ſteeple.

The Cobler.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and (hall;
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy
If at night he could purchaſe a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying, Juſt to a hair I've made both ends to meet.
Derry down, &c.

III.

But Love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
He ſhot the poor cobler quite through the heart,
I wiſh it had hit ſome more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay:
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe every day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler ſtraight over the way.
Derry down, &c.

V.

He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he ſpoke, ſhe would flounce and would tear;
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd,
He pierc'd through his body inſtead of the ſole;
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

The bonny Earl of MURRAY.

I.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
Oh where have you been?
They have ſlain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green!
They have, &c.

II.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,
And wherefore did you ſae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to ſlay.
I bade, &c.

III.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might have been a king.
And the, &c.

IV.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba':
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.

V.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove:
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queen's love.
And the, &c.

VI.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle Down,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro' the town:
Ere she, &c.

If e'er I do well, 'tis a Wonder.

I.

WHEN I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well, tis a wonder:
I spent all my means
On whores, bawds, and queans:
Then I got a commission to plunder.
Fal al de ral, &c.

II.

The hat I have on,
So greasy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its shining;
'Tis stitch'd all about,
Without button or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.
Fal al de ral, &c.

III.

The coat I have on,
So thread-bare is grown,
So out at the arm-pits and elbows,

That

That I look as absurd
As a sailor on board,
That has lain fifteen months in the bilboes,
Fal al de ral, &c.

IV.

My shirt is tore
Both behind and before,
The colour is much like a cinder;
'Tis so thin and so fine,
That it is my design
To present it to the muses for tinder.
Fal, al de ral, &c.

V.

My blue fustian breeches
Is wore to the stitches,
My legs you may see what's between them;
My pockets all four,
I'm the son of a whore,
If there's ever a farthing within them;
Fal al de ral, &c.

VI.

I've stockings, 'tis true,
But the devil a shoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;
Be damn'd the boot-sole,
Curse on the spur-roll,
Confounded be the upper leather.
Fal de ral, &c.

VII.

Had ye then but seen
The sad plight I was in,
Ye'd not seen such a poet in twenty;
I have nothing that's full,
But my shirt and my skull,
For my pockets and belly were empty.
Fal al de ral, &c.

The Fumbler's Rant.

I.

COME carls a' of fumblers ha',
And I will tell you of your fare,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna please them when 'tis late:
A pint we'll take our hearts to cheer;
What fauts we hae our wives can tell;
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldest bairn we hae's ourſel.

II.

Chriſt'ning of weans we are redd of,
The pariſh prieſt 'tis he can tell,
We aw him nought but a gray groat,
The off'ring for the houſe we dwell.
Our bairn's tocher is a' paid,
We're maſters of the gear ourſel;
Let owther weil or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

III.

Our nibour's auld ſon and the laſs,
Into the barn amang the ſtrae,
He grips her in the dark beguefs,
And after that comes meikle wae.
Repentance ay comes afterhin,
It coſt the carl baith corn and hay;
We're quat o' that wi' little din,
Sic croſſes haunt ne'er you or I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
When we think on our nibour Robie,
The way the carl does, we ſee,
Wi' his auld ſon and dochter Maggy:
Butes he maun hae, piſtols, what not?
The hizzy maun hae corkit ſhoon:
We are na ſae; gar fill the pot,
We'll drink to a' the hours at een.

Here's

V.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
To Hughie, Andrew, Rob and Tam:
We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er soon for us to gang.
Foul fa' the cock, he'as spilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The foremost haem shall bear the mell;
I'll set me down, lest I be fey,
For fear that I shou'd bear't mysel.
And I, quo' Rob, and down sat he,
The gear shall never me outride,
But we'll take a soup of the barley-bree,
And drink to our ain yell fire-side.

The Free Mason's Song.

I.

COME let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled, on merry occasion:
Let's drink, laugh and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

II.

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word, or the sign,
Of a free and an accepted mason.

III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the nation

Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one,
With a free and an accepted maſon.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted maſon.

V.

Still firm to our truſt,
In friendſhip we're juſt,
Our actions we guide by our reaſon:
By obſerving this rule,
The paſſions move cool
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

VI.

All idle debate
About church or the ſtate,
The ſprings of impiety and treaſon:
Theſe raiſers of ſtrife
Ne'er ruffle the life
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

VII.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
Which adds high renown to our ſtation
There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted maſon.

VIII.

The clergy embrace,
And all Aaron's race,
Our ſquare actions their knowledge to place on;
And in each degree
The'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted maſon.

We're

IX.

We're true and ſincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will truſt us on every occaſion:
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted maſon.

X.

Then join hand-in-hand,
T' each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry and put a good face on:
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a free and an accepted maſon?

The Sailor's Rant.

I.

HOW pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams oe'r the watery main
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his gain.
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorough the world brave boys.

II.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife.
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
Then why ſhould, &c.

The

III.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
For we, that to politics are strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try:
No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why should, &c.

The Farmer's Son.

I.

SWEET Nelly, my heart's delight,
Be loving, and do not slight
The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,
I honour your beauty bright;
For love I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my favour won:
And since I see your modesty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

II.

No; I am a lady gay,
'Tis very well known I may
Have men of renown in country and town,
So Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget or Sue, Kate, Nanny or Prue,
Their loves will soon be won;
But don't ye dare to speak me fair,
As tho' I were at my last pray'r,
To marry a farmer's son.

III.

My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a-year and more,
Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows, and plows,
His age is above threescore:

And

And when he gives way, then merrily I
  Shall have what he has won;
Both land and kine, and all ſhall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
  And marry a farmer's ſon.

IV.

  A fig for your cattle and corn,
  Your proffer'd love I ſcorn;
'Tis known very well, my name is Nell,
  And you're but a bumpkin born.
Well, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
  And I hope no harm is done:
Farewel, adieu, I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
  Tho' I'm but a farmer's ſon.

V.

  Be in not ſuch haſte, quoth ſhe,
  Perhaps we may ſtill agree:
For, man, I proteſt, I was but in jeſt,
  Come prithee ſit down by me;
For thou art the man that verily can
  Perform what muſt be done,
Both ſtraight and tall, genteel withal;
Therefore I ſhall be at your call
  To marry a farmer's ſon.

VI.

  Dear Nelly, believe me now,
  I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleaſure in wives,
  Like fellows that drive the plow.
For whatever they gain with labour and pain,
  They don't to harlots run,
As courtiers do: I never knew
A London beau that could out-do
  A country farmer's ſon.

Jump at a Cruſt.

I.

AS I am a friend,
  Be willing to lend

An

An ear to these lines
  Which in pity I penn'd
'Tis a cordial advice,
Girls, be not too nice,
Young lovers are now
At another gate price
  Than they have been.

II.

I pray you refrain
  Your scorn and disdain,
If young men you slight,
  They'll slight you again;
They'll make you run mad,
Sigh heavy and sad,
There are not so many
Young men to be had
  As there have been.

III.

Perhaps you suppose
  Fine furbelow'd cloaths
Will serve for a portion:
  But under the rose
If truth may be spoke,
'Tis but a mere joke,
For love without money
Will vanish like smoke,
  Let me tell ye.

IV.

The country clown,
  When he comes to town,
He values not Miss
  With her butterfly gown:
I tell you it won't do,
There must be a few
Bright glittering guineas,
A thousand or two,
  Or he'll leave ye.

V.

Young men are grown wise;
  A portion they prize,

They

They are done with the charms
  Of your conquering eyes.
A portion! they cry,
If love you would buy;
In order to purchaſe,
You then muſt bid high,
  Or live ſingle.

VI.

  Once bachelors, they
  Did ſigh, whine, and pray;
But ſtill were put off
  With a ſcornful delay.
Down with your duſt,
A portion there muſt;
Poor girls wou'd be glad
To jump at a cruſt,
  Cou'd ye but get it.

Love, Drink, and Debt.

I.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
  Theſe many and many a year;
And theſe are plagues enough I ſhou'd think
  For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
  And drink made me fall into debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggled and ſtrove,
  I cannot get out of them yet.

II.

  There's nothing but money can cure me,
    And rid me of all my pain:
      'Twill pay all my debts,
      And remove all my lets;
    And my miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
      Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then I ſhall fall to my loving and drinking again.

Merry

Merry Beggars.

First beggar.

I Once was a poet in London,
I kept my heart ſtill full of glee;
There's no man can ſay that I'm undone,
For begging's no new trade to me.
Tol de rol, &c.

Second beggar.

I once was an attorney at law,
And after a knight of the poſt;
Give me a briſk wench and clean ſtraw,
And I value not who rules the roaſt.
Tol de rol, &c.

Third beggar.

Make room for a ſoldier in buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutted about,
Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely ſold out.
Tol de rol, &c.

Fourth beggar.

Here comes a courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my lord to his face;
Now railing is all his delight, Sir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a place.
Tol de rol, &c.

Fifth beggar.

I ſtill am a merry gut-ſcraper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolic and vapour,
And ſing any tune but a pſalm.
Tol de rol, &c.

Sixth beggar.

I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd:
But my hearers half-ſtarved their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I ſaid.
Tol de rol, &c.

First beggar.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
  Let him lift, and from us he may learn;
In palaces who shall you see
  Half so happy as we in a barn?
Tol de rol, &c.

CHORUS of all.

Whoe'er would be merry, &c.

HAPPINESS.

Tune, *To all you ladies now at land.*

I.

MY dearest maid, since you desire
  To know what I would wish,
What store of health I would require,
  To gain true happiness;
This faithful inventory take
Of all that life can easy make.

II.

Here happy only are the few
  Who wish to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
  Beyond their small income;
An income which should ever be
The fruit of honest industry.

III.

A soul serene and free from fears,
  With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
  To be at all perplex'd.
A body that's with health endow'd,
An open temper, yet not rude.

IV.

A heart that's always circumspect,
  Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wisely can reflect,
  Not easy to believe.

As to my dreſs, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a ſtain.

V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire
To drive away the cold,
A moderate glaſs one would require
When merry tales are told:
The company of an eaſy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

VI.

Some ſhelfs of books of the right kind,
For knowledge and delight,
Nor intricate, nor interlin'd
With narrow party-ſpite:
A garden fair, to paint me clear
Nature's gradations through the year.

VII.

To give true reliſh to delight,
A chaſte and chearful wife,
With ſweeteſt humour to unite
Our hearts as long as life:
Sound ſleep, whoſe kind deluſive turn
Shall join the evening to the morn.

VIII.

So would we live agreeably,
And ever be content,
To Providence ay thankful be
For all thoſe bleſſings lent.
O ſovereign power! but grant me this,
No more I'll ask, no more I'll wiſh.

Smirky NAN.

Tune, *Nanny, O!*

I.

AH! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,
See how I'm waſted to a ſpan?
My heart I loſt, when firſt I ſpy'd
The charming lovely milk-maid Nan.

I'm

I'm grown ſo weak, a gentle breeze
  Of dusky Roger's winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,
  And all for thee, my ſmirky Nan.

II.

The alewife miſſes me of late,
  I us'd to take a hearty cann;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
  Unleſs 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.
The baker makes the beſt of bread,
  The flour he takes, and leaves the bran;
The bran is every other maid,
  Compar'd with thee, my ſmirky Nan.

III.

But Dick o' the green, that naſty loon,
  Laſt Sunday to my miſtreſs ran,
He ſnatch'd a kiſs; I knock'd him down,
  Which hugely pleas'd my ſmirky Nan.
But hark! the roaring ſodger comes,
  And rattles *tantara tarran*,
She leaves her cows for noiſy drums,
  Woes me, I've loſt my ſmirky Nan!

Tarry Woo.

I.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
  Tarry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it weil, card it weil,
Card it weil ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and ſpun,
Then the work is haſtens done;
But when woven, dreſs'd, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

II.

Sing, my bony harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountains ſteep,
Bleating ſweetly as ye go
Thro' the winter's froſt and ſnow;

Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be ha'f ſae uſefu' are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are a' oblig'd to tarry woo.

III.

Up, ye ſhepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praiſe of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmleſs creatures without blame,
That clead the back and cram the waem,
Keeps us warm and hearty fu';
Leeſe me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is a ſhepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of ſtrife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer mae:
Nae ſic muſic to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has nae fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Will defend the tarry woo.

V.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal ſceptre ſways,
Has not ſweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a ſhepherd ſings ſae well;
Sings ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo.

HODGE *of the Mill and buxom* NELL.

I.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
One morning very ſoon,
Put on his beſt apparel,
New hoſe and clouted ſhoon;

And

And he a-wooing came
  To bony buxom Nell,
Dear lass, cries he, could'st fancy me,
  I like thee wondrous well.

II.

My horses I have dress'd,
  And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my best apparel:
  And having come this way,
Let's sit and chat a while
  With thee, my bony Nell.
Dear lass, cries he, could'st fancy me,
  I like thy person well.

III.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,
  The damsel then reply'd,
I'm not in such a haste
  To be a ploughman's bride;
Know I then live in hopes
  To marry a farmer's son:
If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go;
  Sweet mistress, I have done.

IV.

Your horses you have dress'd
  Good Hodge, I heard you say,
Put on your best apparel;
  And being come this way,
Come sit and chat a while.
  O no indeed, not I,
I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate
  I've other fish to fry.

V.

Go take your farmer's son,
  With all my honest heart:
What tho' my name be Roger,
  That goes at plough and cart?
I need not tarry long,
  I soon may gain a wife:
There's buxom Joan, it is well known,
  She loves me as her life.

VI.

But what of buxom Joan?
Can't I please you as well?
For she has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxom Nell;
And I have fifty shillings.
The money made him smile:
Oh then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

VII.

Within the space of half an hour
This couple a bargain struck,
Hoping that with their money
They both wou'd have good luck.
To your fifty I have forty,
With which a cow we'll buy;
We'll join our hands in wedlock's bands,
Then who but you and I?

Buttery MAY.

I.

IN yonder town there wons a May,
Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
She is sae jimp, sae gamp, sae gay,
Sae capernoytie, and sae bonny:
She had been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
But she was very ill to win;
She wadna hae him except he were bony,
Tho he were ne'er sae noble a kin.

II.

Her bonyness has been foreseen
In ilka town baith far and near,
And when she kirns her minny's kirn,
She rubs her face till it grows clear;
But when her minny she did perceive
Sic great inlack amang the butter,
Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
'Tis creesh that gars your grunzie glitter.

There's

There's Dunkyſon, Davyſon, Robie Carniel,
The laſs with the petticoat dances right weil,
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,
An ye dance ony mair we'ſe tell Meſs Johny.
Sing, &c.

Old DARBY.

An advice to CHLOE.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond meaſure
You treat me with doubts and diſdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain;
Your maxim, that love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

II.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindneſs you ought to improve:
Soft looks and gay ſmiles are the dawn,
Fruition the ſun-ſhine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs obſcure all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

III.

Old Darby, with Joan by his ſide,
You have often regarded with wonder,
He's dropſical, ſhe is dim-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder:
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the ſun at the door;
And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not ſmoke a whiff more.

IV.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to cover:

Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below.

V.

Those traces for ever will last,
No sickness or time can remove:
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

The Country Wake.

I.

I'LL sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but attention unto me a while,
Of transactions in court, and in country too,
Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil:
Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,
To some 'twill give joy,
And some others annoy:
All's fair at a country-wake.
All's fair, &c.

II.

Many ladies at court are stil'd unpolite,
Because truly virtuous and prone to no ill;
While others, who sparkle in diamonds bright,
Are stript of their pride at basset or quadrille,
Till their losses at play do their lord's credit shake:
Then, their toys to recover,
They'll grant the last favour;
Strange news at a country-wake.
Strange news, &c.

Here

III.

Here moſt of our gentlemen patriots are,
Tho' very bad ſtateſmen, I freely confeſs,
They deſign harm to none but a fox or a hare,
And are always found loyal in war or in peace.
The farmer's induſtry does earth fertile make;
The huſbandman's plowing,
His planting and ſowing,
Gets health and good cheer at a country-wake.
Gets health, &c.

IV.

Our maids blooming fair, without waſhes and paints,
From neighbouring villages hither reſort,
They kiſs ſweet as roſes, yet virtuous as ſaints;
(Who can ſay more for the ladies at court?)
No worldly cares vex them aſleep or awake,
But their time they improve
In peace and true love,
And innocent mirth at a country-wake.
And innocent, &c.

V.

The ſchemes of a courtier are full of intrigues:
Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we deſpiſe,
Set rural contentment 'gainſt courtly fatigue,
Who chuſes the former is happy and wiſe:
Now let's pray for the king, and, for Britain's ſake,
From all factions free,
May his ſubjects agree,
As well at the court as the country-wake.
As well, &c.

The Play of Love.

First Act.

THE play of love is now begun,
And thus the actions do go on;
Strephon, enamour'd courts the fair,
She hears him with a careleſs air,
And ſmiles to find him in love's ſnare.

Second Act.

The act tune play'd, they meet again,
Here pity moves her for his pain,
Which she evades with some pretence,
And thinks she may with love dispense,
But pants to hear a man of sense.

Third Act.

The third approach her lover makes,
She colours up whene'er he speaks;
But with feign'd slights she puts him by,
And faintly cries she can't comply,
Altho' she gives her heart the lie.

Fourth act.

Now the plot rises, he seems shy,
As if some other fair he'd try;
At which she swells with spleen and fear,
Lest some more wise his love shou'd share,
Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

Fifth Act.

The last act now is wrought so high,
That thus it crowns the lover's joy;
She does no more his passion shun,
He strait into her arms does run:
The curtain falls—the play is done.

FANNY *fair.*

I.

TO Fanny fair could I impart
The cause of all my woe!
That beauty which has won my heart,
She scarcely seems to know:
Unskill'd in the art of womankind,
Without design she charms;
How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
Which every bosom warms?

She

II.

She knows her power is all deceit,
The conſcious bluſhes ſhows,
Thoſe bluſhes to the eye more ſweet
Than th' op'ning budding roſe:
Yet the delicious fragrant roſe,
That charms the ſenſe ſo much,
Upon a thorny brier grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

III.

At firſt when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was bleſt;
But as I would approach more near,
At once I loſt my reſt;
Th' inchanting ſight, the ſweet ſurpriſe,
Prepare me for my doom;
One cruel look from thoſe bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb.

CUPID *miſtaken.*

I.

AS after noon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, and fill'd his quiver:
With skill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart,
With all his might his bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
The too well guided arrow flew.

II.

I faint! I die! the goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel! cou'dſt thou find none other
To wreak thy ſpleen on? parricide,
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother!
Poor Cupid, ſobbing, ſcarce cou'd ſpeak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye;
Alas! how eaſy the miſtake,
I took you for your likeneſs Chloe.

The

The Girl that's blythe and gay.

Tune, *Black Jock.*

OF all the girls in our town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair or brown,
With their soft eyes, and faces so bright;
Give me a girl that's blythe and gay,
As warm as June, and as sweet as May,
With her heart free, and faithful as light.
What lovely couple then could be
So happy and so bless'd as we!
On whom the sweetest joys wou'd smile,
And all the cares of life beguile,
Entranc'd in bliss each rapt'rous night.

Slighted Love is fair to bide.

I.

I HAD a heart, but now I heartless gae;
I had a mind, but daily was oppreſt;
I had a friend, that's now become my fae;
I had a will that now has freedom loſt:
What hae I now?
Naething I trow,
But grief where I had joy:
What am I than?
A heartleſs man:
Could love me thus deſtroy!
I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,
Yet for my love diſdain is my reward.

II.

Where ſhall I gang to hide my weary face?
Where ſhall I find a place for my defence?
Where my true love remains the fitteſt place,
Of all the earth that is my confidence.
She is my heart
Till I depart:
Let her do what ſhe liſt,

I cannot

I cannot mend,
But ſtill depend,
And daily do inſiſt,
To purchaſe love, if love my love deſerve;
If not for love, let love my body ſtarve.

III.

O lady fair! whom I do honour moſt,
Your name and fame within my breaſt I have;
Let not my love and labour thus be loſt,
But ſtill in mind I pray thee to engrave,
That I am true,
And fall not rue
Ae word that I hae ſaid:
I am your man,
Do what you can,
When a' thae plays are plaid.
Then ſave your ſhip unbroken on the ſand,
Since man and goods are a' at your command.

The Invitation.

I.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder ſpring,
Where we may hear the blackbird ſing,
The robin-red-breaſt and the thruſh,
And nightingale in thorny buſh,
The mavis ſweetly carroling;
This to my love, this to my love,
Content will bring.

II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,
Comes skipping thro' the park amain,
And in this grove ſhe means to ſtay,
At barley-breaks to ſport and play:
Where we may ſit us down and ſee
Fair beauty mix'd, fair beauty mix'd
With chaſtity.

In

III.

In yonder dale are fineſt flowers,
With mony pleaſant ſhady bowers,
A purling brook, whoſe purling ſtreams
Are beautify'd with Phoebus' beams;
Which ſteal out thro' the trees for fear,
Becauſe Dianna, becauſe Diana
Bathes her there.

IV.

All her delight is, as you ſee,
This way to ſport, and here to be
Delyting in this caller ſpring,
Only to bathe herſelf therein,
Until Acteon her eſpy'd;
Then to the thicket, then to the thicket
Did ſhe glyde.

V.

And there by magic art ſhe wrought,
And in her heart ſhe thus bethought,
With ſecret ſpeed away to flee,
And he a hart was turn'd to be;
Becauſe he follow'd Diana's train,
His life he loſt, his life he loſt,
Her love to gain.

Caſt awa Care.

I.

CARE, awa gae thou frae me,
For I am nae fit march for thee,
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits:
Therefore I will care nae moir,
Since that in care comes nae reſtoir;
But I will ſing hey down a dee,
And caſt doilt care awa frae me.

II.

If I want, I care to get,
The more I have, the more I fret;

Love

Love I much, I care for more,
The more I have I think I'm poor.
Thus grief and care my mind oppreſs,
Nor wealth or wae gives no redreſs;
Therefore I'll care no more in vain,
Since care has coſt me meikle pain.

III.

Is not this warld a ſlidd'ry ba'?
And thinks men ſtrange to catch a fa'?
Does not the ſea baith ebb and flow?
And fortune's but a painted ſhow;
Why ſhou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by theſe comes no relief?
Some careful ſaw what careleſs reap,
And waſters ware what niggards ſcrape.

IV.

Well then, ay learn to knaw thyſelf,
And care not for this warldly pelf:
Whether thy 'ſtate be great or ſma',
Gi'e thanks to God whate'er befa',
Sae ſall thou than ay live at eaſe,
No ſudden grief ſhall thee diſpleaſe;
Then thou may'ſt ſing, Hey down a dee,
When thou haſt caſt ilk care frae thee.

Lord Henry *and* Katharine.

I.

IN antient times, in Britain's iſle,
Lord Henry well was known,
Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
Or more deſerv'd renown;
His thoughts on honour always run,
He ne'er cou'd bow to love,
No nymph in all the land had charms
His frozen heart to move.

II.

Amongſt the nymphs where Kath'rine came,
The faireſt face ſhe ſhows,

She

She was as bright as morning-sun,
And sweeter than a rose:
Although she was of mean degree,
She daily conquests gains;
For ne'er a youth who her beheld,
Escap'd her powerful chains.

III.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,
Her cheeks grew pale and wan,
A pining seiz'd her lovely form,
And cures were all in vain:
The sickness was to all unknown
That did the fair one waste,
Her time in sighs and floods of tears,
And broken slumbers past.

IV.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,
Oh Henry, I'm undone!
Oh cruel fate! oh wretched maid!
Thy love must ne'er be known!
Such is the fate of womankind,
They must the truth conceal,
I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Ere I my love reveal.

V.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair
To Henry hy'd away.
My lord, says she, we've found the cause
Of Kath'rine's quick decay:
She in a dream the secret told,
Till now no mortal knew:
Alas! she now expiring lies,
And dies for love of you.

VI.

The gen'rous Henry's soul was touch'd,
His heart began to flame,
Ah, poor unhappy maid! he cry'd,
Yet I am not to blame.
Ah Kath'rine! too too modest maid,
Thy love I never knew,

I'll

I'll eaſe your pain: and ſwift as wind
To her bed-ſide he flew.

VII.

Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,
Awake! awake! my dear;
If I had only gueſs'd your love,
You ne'er had ſhed a tear:
'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
Renew thy wonted charms;
I come to ſave thee from deſpair,
And take thee to my arms.

VIII.

Theſe words reviv'd the dying fair,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
She ſtarted from the bed.
Around his neck her arms ſhe flung,
In ecſtaſy, and cry'd,
Will you be kind? Will you indeed?
My love!—and ſo ſhe dy'd.

The Milking Pail.

I.

YE nymphs and ſilvan gods,
That love green fields and woods,
When ſpring newly born herſelf does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds:
Come ſing in the praiſe, while flocks do gaze
On yonder pleaſant vale,
Of thoſe that chooſe to milk their ewes,
And in cold dews, with clouted ſhoes,
To carry the milking-pail.

II.

You goddeſs of the morn,
With bluſhes you adorn,
And take the freſh air, whilſt linnets prepare
A concert on each green thorn:

The

The blackbird and thrush, on every bush,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do strain,
To entertain the jolly train
Of those of the milking-pail.

III.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers will spring no more,
The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
With winter's all candied o'er.
See how the town lass looks with her white face,
And her lips so deadly pale!
But it is not so with those that go
Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking pail.

IV.

The miss of courtly mold.
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's old:
While she of commode puts on a cart-load,
And with cushions plumps her tail.
What joys are found in rushy ground,
Young, plump and round, nay, sweet and sound,
Of those of the milking-pail.

V.

You girls of Venus game,
That venture health and fame,
In practising feats, with colds and heats,
Make lovers grow blind and lame:
If men were so wise to value the prize
Of wares most fit for sale,
What store of beaux would daub their cloaths,
To save a nose, by following those
Who carry the milking-pail?

VI.

The country lad is free
From fears and jealousie,
Whilst upon the green he is often seen
With his lass upon his knee;

Wit

With kiſſes moſt ſweet he doth her ſo treat,
And ſwears ſhe'll never grow ſtale:
But the London laſs, in every place,
With brazen face deſpiſes the grace
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

ANDRO *and his Cutty Gun.*

I.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was ſhe,
Blyth was ſhe butt and ben;
And weil ſhe loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to ſee a tappit hen.
She took me in, and ſet me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carling that ſhe was,
She gart me birle my bawbee.

II.

We loo'd the liquor weil enough;
But, waes my heart, my caſh was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my ſhoon.
When we had three times toom'd our ſtoup,
And the neiſt chappin new begun,
In ſtarted, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro with his cutty gun.

III.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes, weil toaſted brown;
Weil does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the ſcuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about,
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And ay the cleaneſt drinker out
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

IV.

He did like ony mavis ſing,
And as I in his oxter ſat,
He ca'd me ay his bony thing,
And mony a ſappy kiſs I gat.

I hae been eaſt, I hae been weſt,
  I hae been far ayont the ſun;
But the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw
  Was Andro with his cutty gun.

JOHNY FAA, *the Gypſy Laddie.*

I.

THE gypſies came to our good Lords gate,
  And wow but they ſang ſweetly;
They ſang ſae ſweet, and ſae very complete,
  That down came the fair lady.

II.

And ſhe came tripping down the ſtair,
  With a' her maids before her;
As ſoon as they ſaw her well-far'd face,
  They cooſt the glammer o'er her.

III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
  And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin, and a' had ſworn,
  I'll follow the gypſie laddie.

IV.

Yeſtreen I lay in a weil-made bed,
  And my good Lord beſide me:
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
  Whatever ſhall betide me.

V.

Come to your bed, ſays Johny Faa,
  Oh come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and ſwear, by the hilt of my ſword,
  That your lord ſhall nae mair come near ye.

VI.

I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
  I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and ſwear by what paſt yeſtreen,
  That my Lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

I'll

VII.

I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,
And I'll mak a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my Lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

VIII.

And when our Lord came hame at e'en,
And ſpeir'd for his fair lady,
The tane ſhe cry'd, and the tither reply'd,
She's awa wi' the gypſie laddie.

IX.

Gae ſaddle to me the black black ſteed,
Gae ſaddle and make him ready;
Before that I owther eat or ſleep,
I'll gae ſeek out my fair lady.

X.

And we were fifteen weil-made men,
Altho' we were na bony;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

Old CHIRON.

I.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles,
I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the fates will is:
You, my boy, muſt go
(The gods will have it ſo)
To the ſiege of Troy;
Thence never to return to Greece again,
But before thoſe walls to be ſlain.

II.

Let not your noble courage be caſt down,
But all the while you ly before the town,
Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry:
You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian ferry.

A hundred Years hence.

I.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret, canary, theorboe, and voice;
The changeable world to our joys is unjuſt,
And all pleaſure's ended when we are in duſt.
In mirth let us ſpend our ſpare hours and our pence,
For we ſhall be paſt it a hundred years hence.

II.

The butterfly-courtier, the pageant of ſtate,
That mouſe trap of honour, and may-game of fate;
For all his ambition, his freaks and his tricks,
He muſt die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx:
His plot againſt death's but a ſlender pretence,
Who'd take his place from him a hundred years hence!

III.

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,
And kills with each glance as ſhe treads on the ground;
Her glittering dreſs does caſt ſuch a ſplendor,
As if none were fit but the ſtars to attend her;
Altho' ſhe is pleaſant, and ſweet to the ſenſe,
She'll be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

IV.

The right-hearted ſoldier, who's a ſtranger to fear,
Calls up all his ſpirits when danger is near;
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,
And hardily thinks it will ever remain;
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,
To flouriſh his ſtandard a hundred years hence.

V.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,
Not doubting to graſp what the Indies contain,
He buzzes and buſtles like a bee in the ſpring,
Yet knows not what harveſt the autumn will bring:
Tho' fortune's great queen ſhould load him with pence,
He'll ne'er reach the market a hundre d years hence.

The

VI.

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools wrangling strife,
Can spin out a suit to the end of a life;
A suit which the client does wear out in slavery,
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for his knavery;
Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his sense,
He'll be *non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

VII.

The plush coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge;
He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,
By the dregs of a piss-pot, and the ruins of health:
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,
He'll be turn'd into mummy a hundred years hence.

VIII.

The meagre-chopp'd us'rer, who in hundreds gets twenty,
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty;
Lays up for a season he never will see,
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three:
He must change all his houses, his lands, and his rents,
For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

IX.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions
To knowledge superior and heavenly mansions;
Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour,
Tho' he talks of the spirit and bewilders our sense,
Knows not what will come of him a hundred years hence.

X.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,
And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,
Must to the capricio of fortune submit,
Which will make a fool of him in spite of his wit:
Thus health, wealth, and beauty, wit, learning, and sense,
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

XI.

Why ſhould we turmoil then in cares and in fears,
By converting our joys into ſighs and to tears?
Since pleaſures abound, let us ever be taſting,
And to drive away ſorrow while vigour is laſting,
We'll kiſs the briſk damſels, that we may from thence
Have brats to ſucceed us a hundred years hence.

XII.

The true-hearted maſon, who acts on the ſquare,
And lives within compaſs by rules that are fair;
Whilſt honour and conſcience approve all his deeds,
As virtue and prudence direct he proceeds,
With friendſhip and love, diſcretion and ſenſe,
Leaves a pattern for brothers a hundred years hence.

The Worth of Wine.

Tune,—*Let's be jovial.*

'TIS wine that clears the underſtanding,
Makes men learn'd withoutten books:
It fits the general for commanding,
And gives ſoldiers fiercer looks.
With a ſa, la, la, la, &c.

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair;
Truth from falſhood it diſcovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.
With a ſa, &c.

III.

Wine will ſet our ſouls on fire,
Fit us for all glorious things;
When rais'd by Bachus we aſpire
At flights beyond the reach of kings.
With a ſa, &c.

IV.

Bring in bony magnums plenty,
Be each glaſs a bumper crown'd;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toaſts gone round,
With a ſa, la, la, la, &c.

NOW

An Old Catch.

NOW God be wi' old Symon,
For he made canns to many a one,
And a good old man was he;
And Jenkin was his journeyman,
And he cou'd tipple off ev'ry can;
And thus he said to me:
To whom drink you, Sir Knave?
Turn the timber like the lave:
Ho! jolly Jenkin,
I spy a knave in drinking;
Come, troll the bowl to me.

Mason's Song.

Tune, *Leave off your foolish prating.*

I.

WE have no idle prating,
Of either Whig or Tory;
But each agrees
To live at ease,
And sing, or tell a story.

CHORUS.

Fill to him to the brim;
Let it round the table roll;
The divine tells you, wine
Chears the body and the soul.

II.

We will be men of pleasure,
Despising pride or party;
Whilst knaves and fools
Prescribe us rules,
We are sincere and hearty.
Fill to him, &c.

III.

If any are so foolish
To whine for courtier's favour,

We'll bind him o'er
To drink no more,
Till he has a better favour.
Fill to him, &c.

IV.

If an accepted mason
Should talk of high or low church,
We'll set him down
A shallow clown,
And understanding no church.
Fill to him, &c.

V.

The world is all in darkness;
About us they conjecture;
But little think
A song in drink
Succeeds the mason's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

VI.

Then, landlord, bring a hogshead,
And in the corner place it;
Till it rebound
With holy sound,
Each mason here shall face it.
Fill to him, &c.

Follow your Leader.

THE manners of the great affect;
Stint not your pleasure:
If conscience had their genius checkt,
How got they treasure?
The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careless who is undone;
Morals and honesty leave the poor,
As they do at London.

The

The Cobler's Merits.

Tune,—*Charming Sally.*

OF all the trades from eaſt to weſt,
The cobler's paſt contending,
Is like in time to prove the beſt,
Which every day is mending.
How great his praiſe, who can amend
The ſoals of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his laſt he labours!

The Fickle Fix'd.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart;
From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry place I found a dart.

II.

'Twas firſt a charming ſhape enſlav'd me,
An eye that gave the fatal ſtroke,
Till by her wit Corinna ſav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

III.

But now a long and laſting anguiſh
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh;
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

IV.

For here the falſe unconſtant lover,
After a thouſand beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurpriſing charms diſcover,
And finds variety in one.

EXPLA-

EXPLANATION OF THE SCOTS WORDS.

A', *all.*
Abeit, *albeit.*
Aboon, *above.*
Ae, ane, *one.*
Aff, *off.*
Aften, *often.*
Aik, *oak.*
Ain, *own.*
Aith, *oath.*
Air, *early.*
Ajee, *aside.*
Alane, *alone.*
Amaist, *almost.*
Ambry, *cupboard.*
Anither, *another.*
Awa, *away.*
Auld, *old.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

B.

BA', *ball.*
Baith, *both.*
Bane, *bone.*
Bannocks, *oat bread.*
Baps, *roll-bread.*
Bawm, *balm.*
Bauk, *baulk.*
Bedrals, *beadles.*
Beet, *to help or repair.*
Bend, *to drink.*
Bennison, *blessing.*
Bent, *the open fields.*
Bewith, *somewhat in the mean time.*
Birks, *birch.*
Bigg, *build.*
Billy, *brother.*
Binging, *becking, bending.*
Blate, *bashful.*
Blaw, *blow.*
Bleeze, *blaze.*
Blink, *glance of the eye.*
Bluitter, *blunder.*
Bode, *predict.* id. *price.*
Bodin, *stored.*
Bot *or* butt, *without.*
Bougils, *sounding horns.*
Bountith, *a gratuity.*
Bowt, *a bolt.*
Brochen, *a sort of broth.*
Brae, *rising ground.*
Brankit, *primm'd up.*
Braid, *broad.*
Brandir, *a gridiron.*
Braw, *finely dressed.*
Broach, *a buckle.*
Brack, *broken parts, or refuse.*
Brow, *the forehead.*
Bruik, *to love or enjoy.*
Bught, *sheep-fold.*
Burnist, *polished.*
Burn, *a rivulet.*
Busk, *to deck.*
But *and* ben, *be out and be in.*
Byer, *a cow house.*

C.

CA', *call.*
Cadgie, *chearful.*
Caff, *calf*, id. *chaff.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Canker'd, *angry.*
Canny, *cautious, lucky.*
Carlings, *old women*, id. *boiled peaſe*
Cauld, *cold.*
Caller, *cool, freſh.*
Cawk, *chalk.*
Clag, *failing or imperfection.*
Claat, *a rake.*
Claes, *cloaths.*
Claſhes, *tittle tattle.*
Clock, *a beetle.*
Cockernony, *the hair bound up.*
Cod, *a pillow.*
Coft, *bought.*
Cogg, *a wooden diſh.*
Coof, *a blockhead.*
Coots, *joints of the ankle.*
Courchea, *or* curtches, *a handkerchief.*
Crack, *to boaſt.*
Creel, *baſket or hamper.*
Crocks, *lean ſheep.*
Croft, *corn land.*
Crouſe, *briſk, bold.*
Crowdy moudy, *a ſort of gruel.*
Crammy, *a cow's name.*
Cunzie, *coin.*

D.

DAffin, *folly, wantonneſs.*
Daft, *mad, fooliſh.*
Dawt, *fondle, careſs.*
Dight, *to wipe.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Ding, *beat.*
Dool, *trouble.*
Doſend, *frozen, cold.*
Dorty, *haughty.*
Dow, *can*, id. *dove.*
Downa, *cannot.*
Dowf, *ſpiritleſs.*
Doughna, *could not.*
Dowy, *weary, lonely.*
Drant, *to ſpeak ſlow.*
Dramock, *cold gruel.*
Drap, *drop.*
Dwining, *decaying.*
Dunting, *beating.*
Dulce and tangle, *ſea-plants.*
Durk, *a dagger.*

E.

EArd, *earth.*
Ein, *eyes.*
Eild, *age.*
Eith, *eaſe.*
Elding, *fewel.*
Eem, *couſin.*
Ettle, *aim.*
Eydent, *diligent.*

F.

FA', *fall.*
Fadge, *a [illegible] of roll-bread.*
Fae, *foe.*
Fand, *found.*
Fangle, newfangle, *fond of what's new.*
Farles, *thin oat cakes.*
Faſh, *trouble.*

Fauſe,

Feuie, *false.*
Feut, *fault.*
Fee, *wages.*
Feirs, *brothers.*
Feuily, *active, industrious.*
Fenzie, *fain.*
Ferley, *wonder.*
Fey, *attended by a fatality.*
Flee, *fly.*
Flouks, *flounders.*
Flyte, *to scold.*
Fog, *moss.*
Fore, to the fore, *in being or lasting.*
Fouth, *plenty.*
Frae, *from.*
Fraising, *babling with a foolish wonder.*
Fou, or fu', *full.*

G.

GAb, *the mouth.*
Gabbocks, *large mouthfuls.*
Gaberlunzie, *a wallet that hangs on the side or loin.*
Gae, *gave,* id. *go.*
Gane, *gone.*
Gar, *make or cause.*
Gawfy, *jolly, large.*
Gang, *way.*
Gawn, *going.*
Gawd, *gall'd.* id. *goad.*
Gawky, *empty, foolish.*
Gaunt, *to yawn.*
Geck, *to flout and jeer.*
Geesty, *small and neat.*
Gif and gif, *if.*
Glaive, *a sword.*
Gleeg, *idle and wanish.*
Gleed, *squinting.*
Glen, *a hollow between hills.*
Gloyd, *an old horse.*
Glowr, *to stare.*
Gowk, *the cuckow.* id. *a fool.*
Gowping *handful.*
Graip, *to grope.* id. a *trident fork for dung.*
Graith, *accoutrements.*
Grots, *skinned oats.*
Gutcher, *grandfather.*

H.

HA', *hall.*
Hae, *have.*
Ha'f, *half.*
Hagies, *a boiled pudding, made of a sheep's pluck, minced with sewet.*
Halucket, *light-headed, whimsical.*
Hale, *whole.*
Haly, *holy.*
Hame, *home.*
Hames, *and* brechoms, *wore about the neck of a cart-horse.*
Hawse, *embrace.*
Heese, *to lift.*
Hecht, *promised.*
Hengh, *any steep place.*
Hoddle, *to waddle in walking.*
Hows, *hollows.*
Howms, *valleys on river-sides.*

I.

JEe, *to* jee back and again, *the motion of a balance.*

Ill-

Ill-fard, *ill-favoured, or ugly*
Ilka, *each, every.*
Ingle, *fire.*
Jo, *sweet heart.*
Jouk, *to bow.*
Irk, *weary or tired.*
Irie, *afraid of ghosts.*
Ishogles, *icicles.*
Ise, *I shall.*
Ither, *other.*

K.

KAirn, *or* cairn, *heaps of monumental stones.*
Kail, *coleworts.* id. *broth.*
Kaim, *comb.*
Kebbuck, *cheese.*
Keek, *peep.*
Ken, *know.*
Kepp, *to catch.*
Kilted, *tucked up.*
Kirn, *churn*
Kimmer, *a she-gossip.*
Kirtle, *upper petticoat.*
Kurchie, *handkerchief.*

L.

LAg, *to fall behind.*
Laigh, *low.*
Lane, *own self.*
Laith, *loath.*
Lapper'd, *cruddled.*
Law, *low.*
Lawty, *justice.*
Lave, *the rest.*
Lee, *fallow-ground.*
Leesome, *lovely.*
Leese me, *a phrase used when one loves or is pleased with a person.*
Leil, *exact, h*
Leugh, *laughed.*
Lib, *to geld.*
Lilt, *a tune.*
Linkan, *to move quickly.*
Loor, *rather.*
Loos, *loves.*
Loun, *a sly wencher.*
Lout, *to bow.*
Lowan, *flaming.*
Lown, *calm.*
Lucken, *gathered together, or close joined to one another.*
Lyart, *hoary or grey.*

M.

MAik, *a mate.*
Mair, *more.*
Maist, *most.*
Maksna, *it matters not.*
Main, *moan.*
March, *limits or border of grounds.*
Marrow, *match.*
Maun, *must.*
Mawking, *a hare.*
Mavis, *the thrush.*
Meikle, *or* muckle, *mu*
Meise, *move.*
Mends, *revenge.*
Mense, *manners. decorate.*
Menzie, *a company or tinue.*
Milsy, *a search for mil*
Mint, *attempt.*
Minny, *mother.*
Mirk, *dark.*
Monsmeg, *a very iron cannon in the*

[illegible]ough, capable
[illegible] two people.
[illegible] mouth.
[illegible], to eat as wanting
[illegible].
[illegible]ter, the miller's toll.
[illegible], dung.
[illegible]ches, linen quoifs or
[illegible]ands.

N.

[illegible]A', and nae, no, none.
Nane, none.
[illegible]ee, nose.
[illegible]ll, next.
[illegible]ther, starve or pinch.
[illegible]ther, neither.

O.

[illegible]F, grandchild.
Ony, any.
[illegible]lay, a cravat.
[illegible]en, oxen.
[illegible], arm-pit.

P.

[illegible]Antry, a buttery.
Partans, crab fish.
[illegible], a pot.
[illegible], canning.
[illegible], tripe.
[illegible] foot, evil pit.
[illegible] a [illegible] tune.
[illegible] share.
[illegible]
[illegible] repentance.
[illegible]
[illegible] twist.
[illegible]
[illegible] soup.

Prig, haggle
Prive, to prove, taste.

R.

RAir, roar.
Rashes, rushes.
Red up, put in order.
Renzie, rein.
Rever, robber.
Rifarts, radishes.
Rife, plenty.
Riggs, ridges.
Row, roll.
Rowth, wealth.
Rude, cross.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Rung, a club.
Ruize, or roose, to praise.

S.

SAe, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, sore.
Sawt, salt.
Seim, appearance.
Sell, self.
Sey, try.
Shanna, shall not.
Shangy-mouth'd, or shevilgabbit, she mouth much to one side.
Sharn, cow-dung.
Shaw, show. id. a woody bank.
Shoo, a shoe.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to threaten.
Shire, thin.
A shire lick, a smart fellow.
Sic, or sick, such.
Sican, such an one.